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EDITORIAL

PHASE III: THE BANKERS WIN

The season of vicarious self-sacrifice is at hand, when respectable types arrange for the burdens of economic blundering to be imposed on the more vulnerable members of the community. Applauding wholesale adoption by the Carter administration of the good, old-fashioned bankers' remedy of tight money, escalating interest rates, and all-out defense of the dollar, *Business Week* conceded that "The cost of such programs will be slow growth, possibly even a recession." Treasury Secretary Blumenthal who is credited (the right word?) along with his Under Secretary Anthony Solomon with concocting the major ingredients of Phase III, now predicts a shade less than 3% growth in gross national product next year. Since anything under 4% guarantees rising unemployment, it is a safe bet that the administration game plan—it's impossible to dodge the Nixon terminology—contemplates mild recession in 1979 and renewed recovery early enough in 1980 to discourage primary challenges of Mr. Carter by Brown, Kennedy and Moynihan.

Two things should be clear to the public, if not necessarily to administration experts: first, that any economist who thinks he can accurately predict the depth and duration of a recession is a ripe candidate for psychiatric evaluation; and, second, that no mild recession is at all likely to empty inflationary expectations and behavior out of the economy. If the 1974-75 mini-depression, the severest contraction since the 1930s, failed to do the job, how can any sensible soul, unconfused by economic training, expect a mere pause in expansion to discourage price hikes by our numerous oligopolists and self-protective, catch-up bargaining by trade unions?

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PERSIAN MOSAIC
James and Eva Cockcroft

CONGRESS IS A SHOPPING MALL
Randall Rothenberg

BRITAIN'S WAY WITH DISSENT
Christopher Hitchens

BRANDY AND POKER AT YALE
Vivian Gornick

READING MIDDLEBROW LITERATURE
Arthur R. Gold

THE MURDOCH TRAP

PRESS LORD OF MASS IGNORANCE

ANTHONY D. SMITH

Rupert Murdoch, the multinational snapper-up of newspapers in financial straits, had been in the United States for several years, principally as owner of the weekly *Star*, when, in 1977, he bought the *New York Post* and rounded out the purchase by acquiring *The Village Voice* and *New York* magazine. Then in October, during the prolonged newspaper strike from which he extricated the *Post* by making a private settlement with the unions, Mr. Murdoch announced plans to launch a new publication, *The Sun*, to compete at the bargain price of 10¢ with the *Times* and the *News*, the two New York morning papers. The English, who have been playing host to the enterprising Australian for some time, watch his expansion with an interest heightened by some concern for the latest country of his choice.

The real skill of Rupert Murdoch lies less in his management of a newspaper business than in his understanding and manipulation of demographic politics. His fortune was founded not by detecting and exploiting a classic market gap (unless you mean, as an English wag pointed out, the oldest gap in the world) but by discovering that a profound change is taking place within mass consumer societies which permits a wholly new approach to daily publication. He starts with the classic newspaper as he finds it but he constructs upon it a new kind of publishing business, the history and economics of which perhaps need clarification for an American public that has only just begun to be acquainted with the Murdoch phenomenon and its profoundly anti-democratic implications.

(Continued on Page 534)

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LETTERS.

GUATEMALAN WHITEWASH

Marietta, Ga.

I read with great interest "How Dulles Worked the Coup d'Etat" by Stephen Schlesinger [*The Nation*, Oct. 28] on the CIA coup against the Arbenz's regime in Guatemala (1954). Though most Latin Americans have always regarded the coup as United States-inspired, he is correct in asserting that, as far as North American scholarship is concerned, "history has over the years practically abandoned it."

While I was a student of Latin American history at Tulane University, I wrote a paper (basing my research on Guatemalan sources) on the subject and concluded that Dulles, Eisenhower and United Fruit had been behind the demise of the Guatemalan Revolution. My professor, "an authority on Central American history," was indignant at my conclusions and dismissed my findings as "wild allegations." And most recently, Ralph Lee Woodward, in *Central America: A Nation Divided*, maintains that, under Arbenz, Guatemala had become a Soviet satellite!

North American historians have not only abandoned the real story behind the Guatemalan Revolution; they have tried to hide the shameful actions of the U.S. Government in this tragic episode of our relations with Latin America.

Mauricio Dominguez-T.

SWEDISH POLITICS

Eugene, Ore.

On the whole, I found Alan Wolfe's "The Stalemate in Scandinavia" [*The Nation*, Oct. 21] correct and stimulating. Unfortunately, it also contained some errors. First of all, the recent government crisis in Sweden was not caused by the Conservative Party's resigning and calling for new elections. What happened was that the three-party bourgeois government, consisting of the Center Party, the Conservatives and the Liberals, resigned on October 5 because they could no longer agree on the issue of nuclear power. No one called for new elections. After about a week of parliamentary crisis, the smallest of the bourgeois parties, the Liberals, managed to get enough parliamentary support to form a minority government, and will probably stay in power until the next regular election in September 1979. Secondly, Wolfe's brief acount of the developments of the Swedish Social Democrats during the 1970s leaves a lot to be desired. According to him, the SDP proposed in 1976 a provision for worker control over industry by enabling unions to assume gradually the ownership of large capital. After the election defeat in 1976, the party is supposed to have continued to support this highly "controversial legislation."

I'm afraid there is a major misunderstanding here. The Swedish SDP did not propose this plan in 1976; the Trade Union Movement (known as Landsorganisationen, L.O.) did. This distinction is vital. The question of so-called employee investment funds has been worked out entirely within the L.O., the main architect being the economist Rudolf Meidner. When this issue was first placed on the political agenda in late 1975, the leadership of the SDP was nonplussed. Here, suddenly, was a concrete trade union plan for changing the uneven relationship between labor and capital . . . an issue the party has been trying to avoid ever since it got into power in 1932. In the election campaign of 1976 it soon became evident that the SDP leaders were opposed to raising the question of social power and ownership of the means of production. . . . Furthermore. . .on June 30, 1978, both the SDP and the L.O. decided to postpone a definite stand on this issue until 1981, a decision which has both strategical and factual implications. What will finally come out of it all is still an open question. We can still hope that it will be resolved, as Wolfe presupposes, in "a leftward direction."

Erik Asard,
Dept. of Political Science
University of Uppsala, Sweden

PURSE FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT

New York City

A few words about the second Ali-Spinks scrimmage. I watched this, the world's greatest sporting event, from a bar where the TV's sound had been dialed down to nothing so the jukebox could still be heard—a courteous bow to the ladies present, since they often don't really appreciate the sport. Strangely enough, us men folk, thus drinking in the historic event straight up, no Cosell, assumed that Spinks had won, right up until Ali began clowning with his hair while awaiting the ref's decisions.

But lost in the billowing clouds of prose and praise—the pugnacious encomiums to the crucial primitive rite and the morality plays of profligate youth brought low by sage experience—was the snuffed spark of something simple and summary that might have been. It was the rumor, unfounded alas, that Cheryl Tiegs would help broadcast the fight. She was to have irrupted in some Phyllis George capacity, a color commentator or a reporter from the women's angle, or something. It didn't matter; the message would have been plain. The match to determine what may be the world's mightiest man would have been witnessed by what may be the world's most beautiful woman, like Guinivere at the lists (if she actually ever used to show up).

It remains for the world's most wicked promoter to take the plainly indicated next step, the step that would sate the Norman Mailer in us all, and make Cheryl not just the heavyweight champion fight's witness but its purse.

Roger Parloff

TAX ON SOCIAL SECURITY?

New York City

The concerns you expressed in your October 7th editorial ["Relief for the Greedy"] on the tax "reform" bill were certainly justified by the published reports of the bill in its final form. . . .

One of the most heartless scams of the present tax laws is the tax-free status of old-age insurance payments under Social Security. What looks like a break for the elderly poor works out to be a break for the elderly rich.

Obviously a tax-free $500 or so per month means more to a recipient in the high brackets than to the poor citizen who has little or no tax to pay.

A simple solution to this problem would be to make Social Security payments to the elderly taxable as ordinary income. The present Retirement Income Credit for the Elderly could be expanded to include Social Security income. This would remove completely from taxation the first $7,000 or so of a couple's retirement income, and give some tax credit for couples having up to $20,000 income. Beyond that, Social Security benefits would be fully taxable, as they should be.

Daniel Foster

FROM INSIDE

Washington, D.C.

We here at the D.C. jail have obtained a copy of *The Nation* from one of the officers and we have enjoyed the informative aspect of what is happening in the world around us. The articles themselves deal with reality and are very startling, to say the least. This, in our opinion, is just what is necessary to wake up people to the problems around them that are faced by others. . . .

We would also like to thank you for having the courage to print the truth as it is and not cover things up or smooth things over as things are done in society today. Please keep up the good work.

Kenneth Webber, Inmate C.B.-S.E. 3

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EDITORIALS.

(Continued from Front Cover)

The egregious Nixon knew better. When, in August 1971, he stunned the universe by freezing wages and prices, he used the policy, which was reasonably effective until early 1973, as a way of continuing a business upswing and promoting his own re-election. Carter, should he persevere in current policies, faces the probability of seeking re-election within the context of a disordered economy in which unemployment is superimposed upon stubborn inflation. He would need a good deal more than next year's Nobel Peace Prize to survive.

Unhappily, Carter's errors are other people's misfortunes. Unemployment, hovering most of the year around 6%, fell in October to 5.8%, the best figure in four months. But black unemployment is twice as high and teen-age joblessness sticks in the 30% range. In the bad old Eisenhower days, such numbers accompanied the worst months of recession and gave John Kennedy just the ammunition he needed to squeak by Richard Nixon in 1960. To begin a new contraction with high unemployment, by historical standards, is to guarantee truly horrifying job markets for the usual losers—women, the young and urban minorities.

All of this is bad enough; the corollary is likely to be worse. With enthusiastic prompting from the business community, the administration is preparing to complement monetary restraint with sharp reduction of next year's federal budget. Since the President has committed himself to additional bloating of the Pentagon, the budget screws must be applied to income transfers, job training, urban aid and other social programs. The remaining liberals in the next Congress will have all they can do to protect New Deal and Great Society programs from evisceration at the hands of the Office of Management and Budget and its allies. Hope is fled of humane welfare reform, a start on national health, and some attempt to impart meaning to the farcical version of the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment Bill cynically enacted by the last Congress.

The pity of it all is that in the end Carter will again be compelled, in much less propitious political and economic circumstances, to reverse his field, make a meal of his own utterances, and resort to mandatory controls—as George Meany is now urging him to do without further delay. Inflation czar Alfred Kahn, one more economist in an administration exceptionally afflicted by his colleagues, expects a year to elapse be-

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fore the benign consequences of more or less voluntary wage and price restraint register in the cost of living indices. But wholesale prices are soaring at a sickening 11% annual rate. This month's wholesale prices are next month's retail prices. To expect any union leader to abide by the 7% limitation, including fringes whose costs are soaring under these conditions, is to ask him to connive at his own slaughter.

Neither the public nor the currency speculators, prominent among them our own multinational corporations and banks, will wait a year for inflation to simmer down, even if Mr. Kahn's prophecy proves accurate against the odds. The rally in the stock market and the value of the dollar will quickly end, and the President will be compelled to play his last card—an urgent request to Congress to restore Presidential authority over wages and prices.

For the American Left, here approximately defined as beginning with Senators McGovern and Kennedy, this episode should be an educational demonstration that the difference between the two major parties has all but disappeared. Third parties have done poorly in this country, but it is hard to believe that a new third-party effort is a hope more forlorn than conversion of the Democratic Party into a reasonable vehicle for progressive change. When he resigned from the labor-management advisory committee last summer, the UAW's Douglas Fraser spoke some eloquent words:

> I would rather sit with the rural poor, the desperate children of urban blight, the victims of racism, and working people seeking a better life than with those whose religion is the status quo, whose goal is profit and whose hearts are cold. We in the UAW intend to reforge the links with those who believe in struggle: the kind of people who sat down in the factories in the 1930s and who marched in Selma in the 1960s.

In the new class war signalized by the Carter's de facto enrollment in the GOP, liberals, progressives and radicals of all varieties seem to need not so much a third party as a second party. ROBERT LEKACHMAN

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics, Lehman College, City University of New York. His latest book is Economists at Bay *(McGraw-Hill).*

Persian Mosaic

James Cockcroft, professor of Sociology at Rutgers University, and Eva Cockcroft, who writes on the politics of culture, returned last month from a visit to Iran.

The Shah of Iran's authoritarian dynasty, a major pillar of President Carter's Trilateral foreign policy, appears to be disintegrating. Repeated riots have left Tehran's posh downtown districts a burning battlefield and, in the wake of a general strike that paralyzed even the country's hitherto sacrosanct oil fields, the regime has been exposed as incapable of shoring itself up with anything but brutal military force.

However it goes, one may be sure that the American people will have difficulty understanding what happens to the Shah's embattled martial law government. As was the case with the news provided in the early days of the war in Vietnam, the established media's coverage of political dissidence in Iran gave little warning of or sympathy for the impending eruption. Indeed, the U.S. press has been all too willing to take its cue from the State Department.

Repression in Iran received almost no media attention until the Shah almost hired Marion Javits, the Senator's wife, as his public relations flack. We were then assured that the accounts of oppression originated exclusively with a handful of Marxist Iranian students in this country, who exaggerated Pahlavi's attempts to keep order at home by demagogically charging his secret police, the SAVAK, with torture. When widespread public opposition to his regime developed in Iran itself early this year we were told it was fanned only by right-wing religious fanatics who objected to his "liberalizations." Today, all one hears is that the Shah is "one of our closest and most important allies," while State Department correspondents like Marvin Kalb of CBS solemnly report that the administration is "praying" that the new martial law government will soon restore law and order.

From our participation in a recent two-week inspection by the first International Commission of Inquiry to visit Iran since the bloody events of early September, we can report that there is a pervasive opposition to the Shah and his policies. Admittedly, it is a complex alignment, but it is hardly surprising that, after more than thirty-seven years of repression, the country's real political fabric resembles a mosaic of loosely linked coalitions. They nevertheless agree on the unacceptability of the present regime.

Dr. Karim Sanjabi, who recently turned down the Shah's invitation to confer, is the oldest leader of the National Front, a coalition of moderate democratic parties which governed under Mohammed Mossadegh until his overthrow by the CIA in 1953. Sanjabi told us, "Iran is under dictatorship. The nation's wealth from oil has been squandered. Corruption is rampant. The popular struggle in Iran is against dictatorship and corruption, and for freedom and independence."

"When we say we are against the dictatorial regime and for justice, we mean just that," says Shariat-Madari, the most eminent religious leader still allowed to remain in Iran. Shariat-Madari acknowledges his open support of the exiled titular leader of Iran's Shi'ite Muslims, Ayatollah Khomeini, whose statements decrying Western imperialism and demanding social and economic reforms have so worried U.S. policy makers.

Despite the attempt to depict opposition to the Shah as sectarian, the fact is that the National Front and Khomeini's more religiously oriented followers, together reflect the views of an overwhelming majority of the people. Agreement between the Front's largely urban constituency and Khomeini's peasant following extends beyond strictly "political" issues to include such delicate social questions as the status of women—an issue which the Western press seems determined to obfuscate. Forty-three years ago the Shah's father forcibly deprived women of their veils. Today, university

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students and other educated young women who normally would never wear a veil, or *chadoor*, appear in it during anti-Shah demonstrations as a gesture of political protest. None of them seems to think that Khomeini's movement intends to put them back "under the veil." What the mullahs attack is the "Western" character of the Shah's regime—the irrational encouragement of conspicuous consumption of luxury goods in a society where millions still live in abject poverty.

Pahlavi's exacerbation of economic disparities and his arrogant refusal to tolerate dissent are what today make his government so abhorrent to his own people. Unfortunately, American foreign policy makers seem to have decided that the Shah's position is of so great strategic importance that he cannot be allowed to abdicate. Iran supplies 70% of Israel's oil, 46% of Western Europe's oil, 90% of Japan's and some 5% of U.S. needs. These energy demands no doubt tempt Washington to support Pahlavi's regime at any cost.

This determination raises a number of disturbing questions about U.S. complicity with a regime so evidently without popular support. There are more than 40,000 American military "advisers" in Iran—sent there, this being the post-Vietnam period, on contract to American corporations as well as by the U.S. Government. How much deeper is this administration willing to go? And again, how can the American people judge this administration's unwavering commitment to the Shah, given the media's persistent distortions and apparent inability to report the culturally subtle nuances of a very complicated Persian mosaic? Did we learn nothing in Southeast Asia?

JAMES COCKCROFT & EVA COCKCROFT

Newsprint Ecology

The reappearance of New York's main daily newspapers after eighty-eight days of strike-bound absence reminds us of two things—the virtues and failings of the behemoth press and the strengths and weaknesses of its small contemporaries, including our own. It is certainly good to have *The New York Times*'s vacuum cleaner of information back at work, along with the *Daily News*'s lively summaries, but their re-emergence calls attention to the problems of maintaining an informational spectrum adequate to serve a society of the American kind.

It happens that in this issue we publish articles that deal with the ecology of the press in a way that the mass press seldom if ever does. One of them, by a British journalist, Anthony D. Smith, coldly analyzes the methods of a publisher whose specialty is to use a sort of debased sociology to locate and then exploit the tastes and worries of depoliticized mass man. He is writing about Rupert Murdoch, proprietor of *The New York Post* among other things, and he describes this Australian press lord as "a serious and determined social experimenter" whose discoveries about devices for capitalizing on mass hungers "could jeopardize democratic institutions."

Also from Britain we publish an account by Christopher Hitchens of the peculiar and ominous workings of that country's Official Secrets Act. The Hitchens article was commissioned before he himself became a party, as it were, to a quite scandalous proseeution based on a "presumed intention to publish" facts which were, or should have been, common knowledge in a democracy. He reminds us that rough equivalents of the British Official Secrets Act are worming their way up through the turf of Congress.

And then we offer, in Randall Rothenberg's essay on Political Action Committees (PACs), a devastating description of a system for controlling and corrupting a politics we like to think of as "free." As he documents, "money does talk—indeed it shouts—in Congress," even, and perhaps especially, after the "reforms" that were supposed to mute it. And the equal opportunity with labor to influence the electorate, which the corporations sought and won, seems to have resulted in a two- or three-to-one advantage for business. Does that surprise anyone?

Revelations and analyses of this kind occasionally do turn up in the mass press, it should be said, but they are the life blood of publications like *The Nation*. This observation gives us the chance to call our readers' attention to an event of our own and to the situation of two other publications which are soliciting public support for their continued existence.

Before we get to our own coming celebration of Carey McWilliams, let us mention that both *The Progressive* and *Dissent* are currently conducting fund drives. *The Progressive*, a monthly of great distinction, is seeking $100,000 to support and expand its service to its readers. Its location in the Middle West, where it was founded by the elder La Follette in 1909, gives it a special and valuable tone, and it is as sound on domestic issues as it is on those affecting our national presence abroad. Contributions can be sent to The Progressive Membership Fund, 408 West Gorham Street, Madison, Wisc., 53703.

Dissent, a quarterly, seeks much less money ($25,000 to sustain it for two years). Its intellectual standards are extremely high, its editors labor for the love of the idea of preserving and developing the goals of democratic socialism (*Dissent*'s address is 505 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10007).

Our own situation at *The Nation* is somewhat different. We are set on a course of development which aims at self-sufficiency in a very few years, but we also need sustaining help in the meantime. With that in mind, but also with the paramount object of honoring Carey McWilliams who devoted one-third of his life to editing this magazine, and doing it brilliantly, we are giving a dinner in his honor on November 29 at the Hotel Biltmore in New York. Studs Terkel will be the toastmaster and the speakers will be I.F. Stone, Clarence Mitchell, Dolores Huerta, Jules Feiffer and Sen. James Abourezk. Tickets are still available and can be had by calling or writing *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014.

We have no great inhibition about blowing our own horn, along with those of at least equally worthy institutions, even as we hail the return of the daily press to the country's largest metropolis.

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ARTICLES.

Murdoch Trap

(Continued from Front Cover)

Murdoch came to England and acquired *The News of the World*, an ailing Sunday paper which at the height of its success had a readership larger than 10 million. Its formula was to press further than anyone else had dared a brand of prurience that has come to seem almost funny in the years which followed the great sexual liberalization of the 1960s. *The News of the World* followed the doings of a select cast of characters—scoutmasters "on a serious charge," sadistic school mistresses, army majors apprehended interfering with guardsmen in London parks, embezzling charity collectors and bigamous prelates. In the liberated 1970s there is almost nothing left for which a clergyman can be defrocked or a halfway cautious physician struck from the professional lists, so this paper's readership has dwindled to a still healthy fraction of its former size. It will remain profitable as long as sin stays in business. Murdoch's experience with this paper seemed to teach him the major lessons which he was to apply with staggering success in his next acquisition, the *Sun*.

The *Sun* was born as the *Herald* shortly before World War I, when a group of press workers started it up during a newspaper strike. George Lansbury, later leader of the Labour Party, was one of a galaxy of Socialist talent who wrote for it and built it up into one of the strongest newspapers in Europe—a unique medium of discourse for the cadres of an organized working class. Its writers, many of them journalists of the highest caliber, and its readers were classic proletarians, perhaps biased toward the skilled rather than the unskilled end of the working class. The *Herald* became the property of the trade union movement and gave unswerving support to the Labour Party until the end of the 1950s, although by that time its declining financial status had caused it to be sold to a commercial publisher. In the new consumer society, its political affiliations had become a liability rather than an asset; its readers belonged to a class which had reached its peak of power in the General Election of 1945 and were now rapidly dying off, their sons and daughters interested much more in the acquisition of cars, houses, television sets and refrigerators, than in the minutiae of Labour policy.

The paper, renamed the *Sun*, made a desperate but futile attempt to transform itself into a brash (that horribly overworked term) new journal. It was too late. Its circulation sank below 2 million a day, too small to maintain advertising levels in a paper whose readers were not desirable enough for the manufacturers of the latest goods; those 2 million were by now too old to be buying cars and fridges. With their passing went the last possibility for a daily newspaper aimed at a *minority* of the working class. Other papers, the *Mirror*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Express*, were having tremendous success (with bad patches), either with readerships of slightly higher social groups or with *mass* readerships within the working class (the *Mirror* sold 6 million a day in the early 1960s). The area catered to by the *Herald/Sun* had withered away. Advertisers no longer defined their target audiences in terms of the slices of readership which suited such ideological papers. The death of the *Sun* in its old formula was more than the end of a publishing era; it seemed to presage the death of a whole political era.

Murdoch bought this paper and transformed it into a money-spinning 4-million-a-day tabloid devoid of ideology. His genius lay not merely in finding the right formula for attracting readers from his three main rivals, and in particular from the Left-leaning *Mirror*, but in seeing how the financial interests of a mass working-class paper could be made to synchronize with its editorial appeal. Basically, he dismissed advertising as an important source of revenue and concentrated on the eccentric device of making money simply by selling the paper. Even today, with his circulation larger than any daily paper outside Japan and the Soviet Union, only a third of his total revenue is derived from advertising. In the depression of the early 1970s his advertising revenues dropped at times well below 20%, at which rate the paper was actually spending more to print and distribute the ads than it got for running them. Murdoch's device was to offer more to the distributors and kiosk sellers than his rivals did, to keep his price a penny or two below that of his rivals and then to sell and sell and sell. It took a few years to turn the paper around, but when he had done so, it was evident that he had done much more than hook the *Sun* to the old sexual prurience of *The News of the World*. He had identified more clearly than anyone else the major sociocultural trend of the era.

For professional social critics, observers of the mass culture, surveyors of popular opinion, for all those with their boots firmly planted upon the pulse of the public, the Murdoch phenomenon is a great quickener of pessimism. It has scraped away certain illusions about the effectiveness of mass education, about the actual influence upon British society of sixty years of uplifting BBC radio and television, about the century-long attempt (it began with Ruskin and Matthew Arnold) to fill the lives of the new working class with "sweetness and light." The old choice then had seemed to be "culture—or anarchy"; today we may put the dichotomy more soberly: triviality—or tedium. The double cunning of Murdoch is that all who sneer at him sentence themselves to wear the badge of elitism or the dunce's hat of paternalism.

The dream upon which the mass press and the other mass media of the 20th century were founded, in Europe, at least, was of a mass-informed democracy. The political papers of the previous generations had turned themselves, through the new technology of the 1890s and the new marketing of the 1920s, into an instrument of new mass politics. They appeared to offer to millions of new readers a seat at the great deliberative assembly of democracy. The national po-

Anthony Smith, formerly a BBC television producer, writes on media affairs and is working on a book about the future of the American newspaper industry.

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litical debate could take place on the *assumption* that the entire voting public had access to the main, albeit sloganized, currents of thought, had been introduced to the major personalities of politics and the broad issues of the time. Now that one section of that public is effectively cut off (at its own behest) from the flow of political discourse it becomes ever harder to maintain the vital illusion that the fundamental information processes necessary to a democracy are at work. Yet this great splitting of the mass audience has indeed taken place in the print medium and threatens to take place in the era of abundance of electronic media right across the board of the information industries.

What we have discovered is that the advertiser, while he remained the dominant source of press revenues, caused a paper's content to be aimed at a slightly higher level of the consuming public than the readership itself represented. In those societies where political party affiliation is the main defining element in readership (i.e., in every European society bar Germany) that too helped to shelter editors and publishers from the full power of their readerships. In societies where the typical publishing center is a small town rather than a metropolis, a region or a nation state (the United States is the most conspicuous example) the editorial attention has to be spread right through the various levels of taste and interest. But whenever those classic restraints on the untrammeled power of the readership are lifted, there is nothing to hold the newspaper to its historical informing function. No one pretends that the readers of the *Sun*—if they restrict themselves to that paper—are equipped to make the basic choices and decisions of citizenship.

No one pretends that the *Sun* does more than deliver, with consummate skill, an unceasing flow of titillation, sensation, voyeuristic excitement. Murdoch can defend his record as a publisher very effectively; he is fully protected against attack from fellow publishers, politicians, journalists and other assorted critics. He has identified a great mass of readers whose tastes were concealed from publishers and editors and, indeed, from themselves, and catered to it. He castigates as snobs and/or failures those of his rival publishers who profess themselves shocked by his editorial tactics. He stands with a new group of European publishers who have isolated the phenomenon of the new depoliticized reading public and enjoy its patronage: Springer in Germany, Hersant in France. In Europe, the newspaper press, which grew up with the various strata of political parties, now finds itself confronting vast and expensive audiences that can be held together only with entertainment material, their declining political loyalties being a wasting asset. In America there exist several newspaper markets, New York supreme among them, available to any publisher who dares call the bluff of his rivals and who has the capital to set out upon the difficult course of developing a vast newspaper paid for entirely by its readers. New York is indeed almost a pushover for such an entrepreneur because *The New York Times*, in pursuit of *its* kind of excellence, opens the gap very wide indeed between the two ends of the market.

The precedents for this new style of entrepreneur are firmly established: the *Enquirer* and (Murdoch's)

Drawings by Robert Grossman

Star both make very substantial profits by selling heavily at the checkout counters of drugstores and supermarkets, even though they give roughly one-third of their selling price in commissions to wholesalers and retailers and take in advertising revenue amounting to little more than a tenth of the total. They both employ the policy of spending a great deal on attractive editorial copy designed to stimulate one or another emotion rather than a hunger for information. In the course of time, Murdoch might find a way to extend his profits still further by raking in large slabs of advertising to his *Star*, but that is not the sheet's primary aim. At one end of the news business publishers worry their heads about how to pay the transportation costs of papers heavy with advertising, targeted at a fraction of the public to whom the newspapers have to be delivered and sold; at Murdoch's end there is still plenty of room. He is free to keep his costs down if he can make a small profit on each copy and forget the advertiser. In New York, of course, his editorial formula is far from fully developed and he is still struggling with a type of publication that is similar to existing American tabloids. His plan for the new morning paper suggests a cloning from the *Sun*, its namesake, and with it a full-scale transportation of the Murdoch formula to the United States.

Murdoch is not just the latest hustler in town, trying out a new gimmick, previously performed before all the crowned heads of Europe. He is a serious and determined social experimenter who achieves stunning results of a most depressing kind. In the late 20th century a gap is opening between media of high-information content and those of low-information content, a gap that represents a falling apart of a century-old mass audience into its component elements. There

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never really was a mass reader, of course, merely ways of publishing material for a mass reader, ways of looking at the audience as if it were a homogenized amalgam of tastes. The newest technologies and marketing mechanisms enable a vast variety of life styles to be identified and catered to, but these tend to congregate at the upper reaches of the market; below them lies a shrunken version of the old mass audience, neglected by advertisers and publishers alike, ready for anyone with the capital to exploit their emotions and their leisure time.

Many, by using the language of market economics and free choice, may seek to conceal from themselves the threat to the traditional concept of democratic citizenship implied by the Murdoch phenomenon. They should restrain this instinct. What Murdoch has discovered in modern society could jeopardize its democratic institutions. □

CONGRESS IS A SHOPPING MALL

The PACs Go to Market On the Hill

RANDALL ROTHENBERG

Your Congressman can be bought. Legally. The Federal Election Campaign Act of 1974, intended as a post-Watergate reform measure, enables corporations and trade associations to inject massive amounts of money into Congressional elections. The business community has jumped at this opportunity to influence legislation by the legal financing of campaigns.

Business interests have only recently begun to exercise this power; if the election laws remain unchanged, the power can only grow. And don't be deceived by seemingly insignificant sums. Although a single business group may decide to give no more than $500 or $1,000 to a candidate ($5,000 is the legal limit), the money adds up, often to as much as $50,000 from one interest area. In a few cases, it scrapes the $100,000 mark. That can easily buy influence.

Under the 1974 law, corporations, trade associations and allied special-interest groups are allowed to form political action committees (PACs), defined in the Federal Election Commission regulations as "separate, segregated funds to be utilized for political purposes...." Labor unions have long used PACs to solicit contributions from members and dispense the moneys to favored candidates, but, although the 1971 Campaign Act allowed some corporations—those without government contracts—to do the same, few took advantage of it.

A number of FEC and court decisions gave the business community the incentive it needed. The Supreme Court's 1976 *Buckley* v. *Valeo* decision established the legality of various controversial aspects of the Act, and Congress's subsequent amendments took care of the unconstitutional sections. But it was the commission's 1975 advisory opinion regarding a PAC set up by the Sun Oil Co. that carried the most weight. The FEC ruled that corporations could solicit contributions from all employees—from management on down—as well as from stockholders, and that the operating expenses of PACs could be paid out of corporate funds.

After the *Sun-PAC* decision, the dam burst. There were eighty-nine corporate PACs as of January 1, 1975; 297 by May 10, 1976; 433 on January 1, 1977. The most recent figure available from the FEC is 776. (In addition to these, 655 PACs were being operated by trade associations, membership organizations and the like in early 1978.) This phenomenal growth is in dramatic contrast to the expansion of labor-related committees, which numbered 201 on January 1, 1975, and 263 last month.

If the numbers are impressive, the dollar figures are staggering. Special-interest groups, whose PACs contributed $12.5 million to Congressional candidates in 1974, and $22.5 million in 1976, may have poured $30 million into the 1978 campaign, making this the most expensive off-year election in history. And the statistical breakdowns, compiled by Common Cause, show labor falling into a soon-to-be-distant second place. In 1972, unions gave $3.6 million to Congressional candidates, compared to the $3.5 million from combined corporate and trade groups. Labor still held the edge in 1974, contributing $6.3 million to business's $4.8 million. The effect of *Sun-PAC* was felt on the 1976 campaign, when candidates received $8.2 million from union PACs, and $11.5 million from the business community.

This year, the roof blew off. FEC figures show that, as of October 25, 1978, business and professional PACs had raised $36 million and dispensed $10.9 million while labor had received $16.8 million and given $6 million. As of last month, business had a 5-to-3 edge in cash on hand, and most of it was undoubtedly distributed before Election Day. We shall know more on December 7, by which date final post-election financial statements must be filed with the FEC.

While the *Sun-PAC* decision left Democrats glum and Republicans gleeful, the expectation being that the GOP would be the beneficiary of business dollars, the reality has been quite different. Democrats, as would be expected, have received more than 95% of union contributions, but business PACs gave only 59% of their money to Republicans in 1976, and, according to the latest available figures, 46% to this year's GOP Congressional candidates. This close to even-handed pattern led Republican National Chairman William Brock to complain recently that corporate PACs are helping to freeze the Democratic Party into Congressional dominance.

The truth seems to be that business PACs back the incumbents, the party be damned. (So far this year, 79% of corporate money has gone to incumbents, as

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against 10% for challengers.) Whatever the motive for this bias—the buying of access is cited most often—it has caused concern and disappointment among many politically astute industry officials. "There is no reason, no justification, for Birch Bayh turning out to be one of the three major recipients of corporate PAC money in the last election," says Richard D. Godown, general counsel of the National Association of Manufacturers, and a long-time PAC watcher. "He was also on the list of top ten for union contributions, and within the top three for management contributions. [John] Tunney [of California] was another who got slugs of money from both industry and labor, without justification from my point of view.

"I would say emphatically that business owes itself a scrupulous rethinking of its position. . . .I think the result would be that the money would go overwhelmingly to other candidates."

With business playing it so safely, failing to listen to the advice of even its most politically knowledgeable members, it might seem that the early fears of labor and liberals have not been realized, that the worries of Common Cause and the AFL-CIO are unjustified, that there is nothing to worry about. But there are worries—plenty of them.

Forget about statistics, forget about patterns of giving. Although the business support of incumbents—even ostensibly pro-labor Democratic incumbents—may seem like madness to some, the method in it is unmistakable.

One should look, for example, at the account of the 95th Congress, the Congress that was elected with record amounts of business money. A.H. Raskin, writing in *The Nation* of September 9, notes organized labor's "war with the President and the Democratic Congressional majority it helped to elect." Both Raskin and Adam Clymer (*The Nation*, October 14) cite a whole schedule of labor losses and industry gains, among them the defeat of labor law reform and situs-picketing; the postponement of new auto-emission standards; the failure to create a federal consumer protection agency; the defeat of legislation to control the cost of hospital care; the reduction of the capital gains tax, and other investment incentives in the tax code.

Reflecting on this Congress's one-sided legislative record, Sen. Edward Kennedy puts forward one more-than-possible cause: "Representative government on Capitol Hill is in the worst shape I have seen in my sixteen years in the Senate. The heart of the problem is that the Senate and the House are awash in a sea of special-interest lobbying and special-interest campaign contributions."

Anyone who still doubts that business money is a strong persuader would do well to study some specific cases. A September *Wall Street Journal* story described how their "proper" votes on situs-picketing proved advantageous to three members of the House. Mike McCormack (D., Wash.), whose AFL-CIO rating was 100% three years ago, voted against the bill and by June had received more money from business PACs than he received from all sources for his entire 1976 campaign. Allen Ertel (D., Pa.) got $8,700 from labor and $2,700 from business two years ago. After a no-vote on situs-picketing, he has received more than $12,000 from corporate and trade association PACs. And Ike Skelton (D., Mo.), who in 1976 received $9,450 from union groups and $17,000 from business-oriented PACs, voted against situs-picketing and by July 1 was sent $27,845 by business and $1,700 by labor.

"I think," says Godown, "that as business, acting within the law, comes into increased amounts of money for political purposes, it will eventually adopt the attitude that the unions have espoused without apology since time immemorial: we help our friends and we punish our enemies."

Common Cause has made a few studies of how business and trade association PACs have been helping their friends during the past few years. One of them correlates the contributions made by the American Trial Lawyers Association during the 1976 Congressional campaign to no-fault insurance legislation, which the ATLA bitterly opposes. The lawyers group gave more than $250,000 to candidates in the election two years ago. Four Senators who had voted for no-fault in 1974, but switched their votes in 1976, are the Republicans William Roth, Robert Stafford and J. Glenn Beall, who received $5,000 apiece (the legal limit) and Democrat Howard Cannon, who got $2,500. Sen. William Hathaway of Maine, up for re-election this year, also switched his vote and got $2,500.

This is by no means an isolated case. Common Cause released figures that AM-PAC, the political fund of the American Medical Association, gave $101,259 to members of the House Interstate Commerce Committee during the period covering the 1976 campaign and the 1978 campaign up to July when the committee voted 22 to 21 to kill President Carter's hospital cost-containment legislation. As of last February, eleven of the thirteen members of the House Ways and Means Health Subcommittee, which was considering a substitute for the Carter legislation that was drafted in consultation with the AMA, had received $63,132 from AM-PAC. And random checking through the FEC's public files reveals that almost half of the $476,450 donated to House candidates in 1976 by C-TAPE, the PAC arm of the Associated Milk Producers, Inc., went to members of the House Agriculture Committee and Appropriations Committee.

"That's not coincidence," says Fred Wertheimer, senior vice president of Common Cause. "You find repeated examples of interest groups, in addition to giving to as many members as they can... particularly focusing on members of committees that have jurisdiction over their issues. PAC money is investment money, and you want to make a smart investment."

The smart-investment strategy of business has made many members of Congress happy at campaign time. Though it's not clear who were the greatest individual beneficiaries of industry money—call them PAC rats—checking through FEC files turns up other interesting, if disturbing, figures. For instance, Fernand St. Germain (D., R.I.), chairman of the House Banking Committee's Subcommittee on Financial Institutions, received this year $1,000 from the E.F.

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Hutton Group PAC. Clarence Brown (R., Ohio), ranking minority member on the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee's Energy and Power Subcommittee, received a few thousand dollars from such groups as the Ford Civic Action Fund, the General Aviation PAC, Southern Railway Good Government Fund and the Western Airlines PAC. And Robert Roe (D., N.J.), a ranking Democrat on the House Science and Technology Committee's Aviation Subcommittee, accepted money from the PACs of Allegheny Airlines, Eastern Airlines, Pan Am, TWA, Hughes Aircraft and Lockheed, according to a recent New Jersey newspaper report. Instances like these abound, and the reasons are obvious.

"For your PAC contributions, I think you get access and a chance to tell your story," says the director of one trade association PAC. "And maybe, just maybe, in some cases, you get a somewhat more sympathetic hearing."

Justin Dart, chairman of Dart Industries of California, puts it more succinctly. At an NAM sponsored conference held early this year, he said, "You can't go to a Congressman on some point of principle or some point of faith and get that Congressman to vote your way, if you go there with an empty basket."

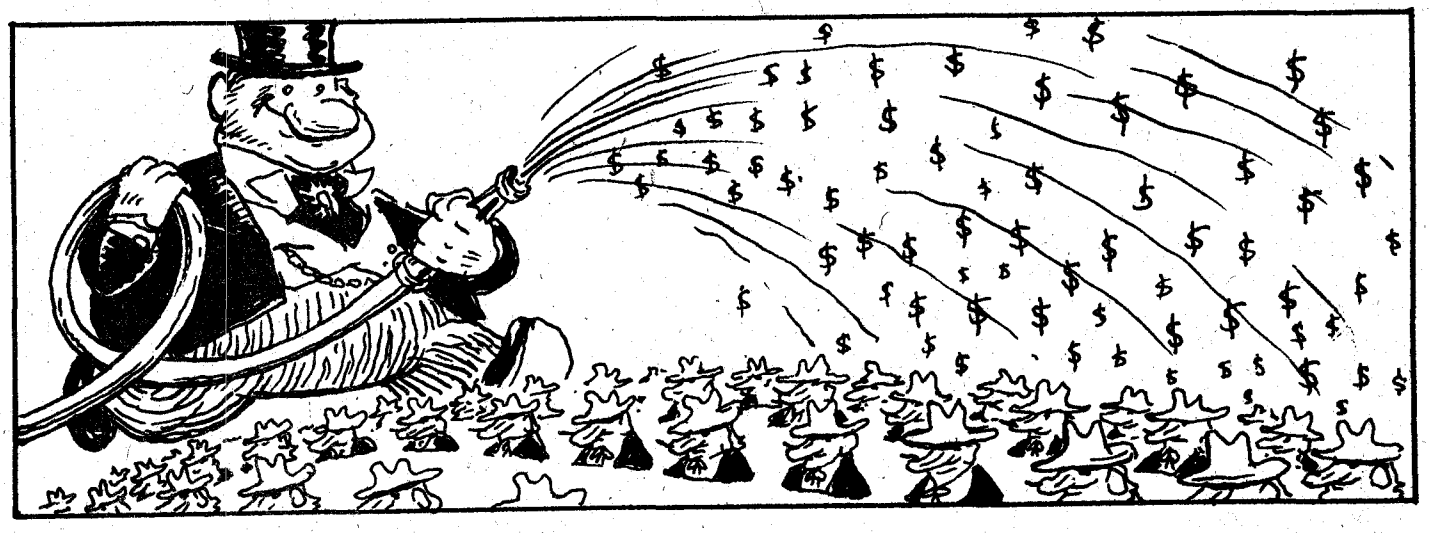
Common Cause last month released a 93-page booklet, "How Money Talks in Congress," which amply illustrates the full-basket approach. Among the findings:

- The Real Estate Political Action Committee (REPAC) gave $119,600 to members of the House before the 1975 vote on the Mikva amendment, which would have reduced real estate tax benefits. The amendment was soundly defeated. Those voting against had received $100,050; those voting in favor, $19,550.
- In addition to C-TAPE contributions mentioned earlier, thirty-eight of the forty-six members of the House Agriculture Committee received $381,651 from combined dairy groups between January 1, 1975 and mid-1978.
- Three members of the Senate Banking Subcommittee on Financial Institutions received $112,260 from PACs and individuals associated with such institutions for their 1978 campaigns. Sen. John Tower (R., Texas) alone had received more than $93,000 by the end of August.
- Members of the House Banking Subcommittee on Financial Institutions received $343,389 from PACs and individuals associated with such institutions. Chairman St. Germain received almost $49,000 to lead the list.

Labor is not exempt from the charge of attempting to buy Congress; the Common Cause report lists numerous examples of union contributions in anticipation of key votes. The National Education Association, fighting hard for a Cabinet-level Department of Education, contributed almost $500,000 to House candidates in 1976; the amount this year will probably be more. The maritime unions have showered tremendous sums of money on incumbent Congressmen in the past two years. However, labor's money has been a factor for quite a long time, and its effect does not approach the relatively recent success of business. So too, labor money invariably represents the out-of-pocket donations of the rank and file, while business PAC money is for the most part that of management and stockholders (despite assertions by industry people that business contributions are constituency money). In addition, most political analysts, noting the meager growth of labor PACs, from 202 to 263 in the past three years, think that labor may have reached the limit of its political financial capabilities. The bottom of industry's pocket is not in sight.

The examples go on and on, and there can be little doubt that money does talk—indeed it shouts—in Congress. The public inevitably pays the price. The cost is too high, wrote campaign-financing expert Herbert E. Alexander in *Money in Politics*, "if, because sufficient money is not available, a candidate becomes beholden to those who will provide the funds, but with strings attached. . . ."

No matter how emphatically those in the corporate sector and in Congress deny it, our elected officials seem at times to be little more than marionettes, and prospects for the future are not good. Alexander, in an as yet unpublished article, thinks that PAC importance can only grow. "The successful candidate increasingly will be one who can predicate a campaign upon organized interest groups," he writes. Perhaps the most ominous view is that of Berkeley business-political analyst Edwin M. Epstein, as quoted by Alexander:



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The possibility of 1,500 PACs, each contributing $75,000 ($112.5 million) to candidates is more than the electoral process can bear without at least the appearance, if not the reality, of contamination of the independence of the officials elected under it.

What are the solutions? Most but not all rely on public financing of Congressional elections as the simplest, most direct answer to the problem. Common Cause advocates a voluntary tax checkoff, combined with small private contributions. The AFL-CIO also supports public financing, according to Ben Albert, public relations director for the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education. "We'd like to get industry *and* us out of the money business," he says.

Many in Congress also support direct public financing of all federal elections. Larry Pressler (R., S.Dak.), a two-term Representative who was elected Senator this month, has been its vocal advocate for years. "It's tough to finance a race without accepting PAC money," he says. "If you go out and run for office, it's terribly expensive. . . .One of my objections to PACs is that a candidate inevitably has to turn to them."

Pressler would have a match-dollar system, with a challenger receiving 20% more than the incumbent, to offset the natural advantage of being in office. He also advocates partial public financing of primary campaigns. "After all, in many cases, the primary is more important than the general election."

For all it's support, however, public financing does not seem to be getting anywhere. Numerous attempts have died in the House and Senate, the most recent being the 17-vote defeat last July. Another bill, which would have sliced in half the limit on PAC contributions to candidates, failed in the House because the Republicans saw as a threat its severe restriction on party committee contributions. The irony of the latter is that, as originally formulated in the Senate, the 1974 Campaign Act provided for public financing of all federal elections. The PAC provision would have meant next to nothing, had this passed both houses untouched. Yet the House defeated Congressional public financing, and the allowance for PACs, little considered at the time, has become overwhelmingly important in the ensuing years.

Not all politicians support public financing. Former Sen. Eugene McCarthy thinks it would be the kiss of death for third-party candidates, and advocates lifting the limits on contributions by individuals. Since the Supreme Court upheld the legality of contribution limits in 1976, it is doubtful that this will happen. Others encourage public access by candidates to the broadcast media, while at the same time curtailing their ability to buy comercial time. Considering the continual swirl of controversy surrounding the already existing FCC equal-time rules, the chance for this solution is dim, and the legality dubious.

Whatever the virtues of public financing, its opponents have been able to muster enough strength to defeat it every time. Although many, including Fred Wertheimer, Ben Albert and Larry Pressler, are optimistic about its chances in the 96th Congress, virtually all concede that, as PAC financing increases and candidates grow more dependent on it, sitting officials will become more hesitant to change their methods and votes. "We don't seem to be moving very quickly on it," says Pressler. "I think we may be heading for corporate domination, not just of PAC financing but of Congressional financing," says Wertheimer.

What that kind of domination implies is clear from the few examples cited above; they are typical of others too numerous to include here. Even in cases where a clear connection cannot be made between a Congressman's voting record and his sources of funding, his integrity can and will be called into question. And any system that allows the integrity of our officials to be questioned in wholesale fashion is bad.

In 1974, public disclosure was seen as the cure to most of the campaign-financing ills. Surely, if an official's financial statements were on file for all to peruse, so the thinking went, he would *never* take a donation that might compromise him. But in 1978, we know better. We know that Congress is being bought; we know, worst of all, who is buying it. And we know that it is perfectly legal and that as long as the system remains unchanged, we can't do a thing to stop it. □

'SECRET' BY DEFINITION

The British Way With Dissenters

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Any American who has visited London will know that the highest landmark on its skyline is the Post Office Tower—a slender space-age column rising to a cluster of transmitting and receiving equipment. It is co-equal with Big Ben and the Tower Bridge as a means of evoking London in film backdrops and postcards. In a trial currently taking place in Britain, where the Crown is attempting to jail two journalists for violating secrecy legislation, the Post Office Tower forms part of the evidence. The jurors listen in astonishment as lawyers refer to it by a code name and forbid it to be reported in the press. Because the tower, like every other scrap of official information and property in Britain, is an Official Secret within the meaning of the Official Secrets Act.

It is often difficult, when explaining our legislation on secrecy to Americans, to avoid being accused of exaggeration. But, just as the American and Swedish Freedom of Information Acts are examples for journalists and researchers in less-developed and advanced countries like our own, so the British Official Secrets Act is the very model of a repressive and obscurantist law. Passed originally in a hysteria of anti-German spy fever in 1911, its every subsequent amendment and usage has shown it to be a convenience for corrupt ministers and officials: a means of doing to their crimes and mistakes what doctors do to theirs—burying them. And providing mysterious

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charges and penalties for anybody who should venture to disagree.

One further example, to put the issue of the trial in perspective. A few years ago, a British investigator named Peter Laurie wrote a book entitled *Beneath the City Streets*. It was a piece of detective work, designed to uncover the purpose of the network of tunnels running underneath London. Laurie came to the conclusion that the scope of the network was part of the government's plan for a contingency administration after a nuclear attack. The book was published and sold well. This year Laurie decided to republish and update the book, but in the atmosphere surrounding the trial he decided to submit the manuscript to the authorities in advance, rather than risk a prosecution later on. Back came his book, with the stipulation that it could be published only after 50 pages had been removed. Laurie agreed and asked which pages to cut. Came the reply—if we told you which 50 pages we would be telling you which the secret passages were! This Catch-22 stalemate persists up to the time of writing.

The issue in the trial itself is just as simple—and just as bizarre. Eighteen months ago, two journalists concerned with defense and electronics matters received an unsolicited letter from an ex-corporal who had worked in Signals Intelligence at a British base in Cyprus. He had, he told them, read their articles and decided that he could help them disclose certain questionable British intelligence activities.

The two reporters—Duncan Campbell (now my colleague on the *New Statesman*) and Crispin Aubrey of *Time Out*—met the soldier, John Berry, in his flat and had a conversation, which they taped. As they left the flat, all three were arrested by a large posse of Special Branch Officers. They are charged with violating two sections of the Official Secrets Act—section one which deals with espionage and section two which makes it an offense either to transmit or to receive information without authorization.

The evidence involves fantastic complexity. Duncan Campbell is an expert on electronics and communications, and is often consulted on the subject by established authorities. More than 15,000 documents were removed from his apartment (it was practically demolished in the process) and he found himself faced with a charge of "collecting information which might be of use to an enemy." The significance of that charge, written as it is in the conditional, is obvious. The defendant must prove himself innocent. Equally, the fact that nothing from the interview was ever published is quite irrelevant; it was the presumed intention to publish which forms the indictment. The Post Office Tower comes in because it is part of the Signals Network—as is every telephone system in the United Kingdom.

The trial soon became a test case, not just for civil libertarians and the Left but for all those lawyers who had been urging reform of the Official Secrets Act. The Labour government, which had promised to repeal the very sections of the act under which the three were charged, was put in a ludicrous position. So was the Attorney General, all of whose predecessors had told the House of Commons that the Act was never designed or intended to be used against the press.

Worse was to come. Ten days after the trial had opened in a glare of publicity and satirical remarks, it was discovered that the jury list had been vetoed by the Special Branch (Britain's FBI). The criterion, hitherto unknown to the legal system, upon which they had done this was "loyalty." When it seemed that matters could not possibly get worse, it was found by the defense lawyers that the foreman of the jury was a recent ex-member of the Special Air Service regiment (Britain's Green Berets), and that two other members of the jury had been forced to sign the Official Secrets Act in the course of their work. Defense protests at this—made in a secret hearing—were overruled by the judge.

At this point, I went on a television program and broadcast what was known about the jurymen. The judge promptly halted the trial, discharged the jury, ordered the whole process begun anew, reported me to the Attorney General for contempt, and succumbed to a stroke (British judges, for the most part, are antique and infirm). Almost casually, the prosecution announced that when the trial reopened they would not be proceeding with the "collection of information" charge. That was so because the defense had been able to show that every scrap of information in Campbell's archives came from open and published sources (such as *RAF News*). The charges of communicating and receiving information remain (as does the side issue of political interference with juries).

What the state has tried, and so far failed, to prove is that certain information is a "secret," not because it is not well-known but because the government defines it as such. Thus in the course of the hearing, the existence of British installations in Eastern Cyprus was ruled by the judge to be unmentionable. The existence of detailed public evidence about them did not move him an inch. "Secrecy" has a superstitious logic of its own and once it has been combined with "security," it creates an atmosphere almost bound to criminalize the actions of those charged with violating it.

As the trial reconvened with the elaborate and costly charge of "collection" abandoned, it continued to bump along the track shedding bits of its chassis at every turn. The judge, who has in the past taken cases involving authentic espionage, became visibly impatient with the prosecution and the Attorney General. Recently, he described the formulation of all the charges relating to espionage and subversion as "oppressive" and ordered that they be struck. When the prosecution reminded him that the Attorney General had authorized these charges, he tartly informed them that what an Attorney General could start, he could also stop. It now seems certain that the three defendants will at least escape prison on the last remaining count of unauthorized communication and receipt of information, and that the Act will be widely ridiculed. But it has been made to look absurd before—and still it sits on the books, waiting to be dusted down and used against any inconvenient citizen in the future.

As in the past, the Act is used very selectively. It is not deployed against service chiefs who leak details of

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apparent British Army weakness in NATO at the moment when military estimates are being voted upon. Nor is it used against secret service officers who furnish details of alleged Marxist conspiracies to the sensational press. But it has been used, often and crudely, against dissent. It was repeatedly used against civil servants who wrote memos against the appeasement of Hitler and Mussolini during the 1930s. Who had the best conception of national security then?

We understand that the American administration is contemplating the introduction of a similar bill. Do not believe any assurances you may be given about press freedom and the "responsible" limits of a free society. Once the secrecy principle is entrenched in law, every kind of white-collar malfeasance is not only possible but as good as inviolable. It has been of tremendous importance to the defense in our case to be able to point to American precedents such as Ellsberg and *The New York Times*. It would be tragic if you called in the Old World to redress the balance of the New. □

THE INVENTOR AS TARGET

Ollman Plays 'Class Struggle' For Real

GREG MITCHELL

Has it ever happened before that a man invented a game and then found himself playing it in real life? At one point in Bertell Ollman's popular new board game, Class Struggle, a "socialist teacher" gets fired from the local school for playing the game with his students. That is inevitable, Class Struggle instructs, because "capitalists control what is taught in the schools." On July 20, just days after Class Struggle became a phenomenon in New York toy and bookstore circles, University of Maryland President John S. Toll rejected Ollman's appointment to head the university's Government and Politics Department, thus igniting the most controversial "academic freedom" case American higher education has witnessed in years, and inspiring important questions about political involvement in academe and Marxism's place on campus.

Until last spring Ollman, an associate professor at New York University, was known (where he was known at all) for his highly regarded book, *Alienation: Marx's Conception of Man in Capitalist Society* (1971). But when boxes of Class Struggle, with a photograph of Nelson Rockefeller and Karl Marx arm-wrestling on the cover suddenly popped up in the window of Brentano's bookstore and in Bloomingdale's toy and stationery departments, Ollman became something of a cult figure. Leftists embraced their own Monopoly and the media enthusiastically endorsed the game's good-natured appeal. Sargent Shriver ordered seven sets to take to the Soviet Union and Ollman's ideological nemesis, Zbigniew Brzezinski, allowed his name to be used in promoting the game. (Brzezinski had earlier recommended Ollman, his former colleague at Columbia University's Russian Research Center, for the position at Maryland.) In little more than five months 25,000 sets of Class Struggle were sold across the country and Susan Kronick, toy buyer at Bloomingdale's, was predicting that it would be "the hottest selling game of the fall season."

Class Struggle had been inspired by Ollman's determination that such games as Monopoly "not only promote greed and power-tripping but also present a very distorted picture of how our society works." But when he designed the Chance Card that read "The class struggle is progressing faster than you think," Ollman could not have known that he himself would soon be forced to "Move immediately to the next Confrontation square."

It started quietly enough late last winter when a faculty search committee recommended Ollman for the position of chairman of the Maryland Politics Department. On March 15 Provost Murray Polakoff notified Ollman that he had the job, pending confirmation from Robert L. Gluckstern, the chancellor at College Park, and the *pro forma* approval of outgoing university President Wilson H. Elkins. Despite some rumblings from the Politics Department, Gluckstern affirmed the appointment. During the chancellor's four years at Maryland, Elkins had not overturned a single Gluckstern appointment—but he had never had to rubber-stamp a Marxist before.

While Elkins was deliberating, three members of the Maryland Board of Regents condemned the nomination on political grounds. "We have too many of those kind of people from up in New York down here now," observed Regent Samuel Hoover, in a remark that some considered veiled anti-Semitism. Although Hoover said he believed that "the general public does not want a Marxist," he confessed that he did "not really know" what Marxism is.

Two days later, on April 20, when (in Ollman's words) "it became public knowledge that something awful was about to befall the great state of Maryland," Acting Governor Blair Lee 3rd, a Republican, declared: "We are dealing with a state-supported university and there is, I think, a question of whether it's wise to make such an appointment. . . .It may kick up quite a backlash of sorts among citizens, legislators. . . ." One legislator who kicked up immediately was state Sen. Roy N. Staten, chairman of the committee that handles the university's budget, who said, "They might have gone a little far this time." Although Lee met with Elkins the following day and reportedly assured him he would not stand in Ollman's way, many observers claimed that what he had already done was more than enough to sabotage the New Yorker.

By this time Democrats who hoped to challenge Lee in this year's Governor's race had started eulogizing academic freedom. The American Association of Uni-

Greg Mitchell was an editor of Crawdaddy *and* Politicks *magazines in New York City.*

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versity Professors (AAUP) urged Lee to "abstain from any further comments" and *The Washington Post* dryly noted the "delightfully nostalgic quality" of this "Reds in the classroom" scare. But that could not stop Blair Lee's "backlash." At its national convention the American Legion protested the Ollman designation and several syndicated columnists resorted to redbaiting, most notably Evans and Novak, who made public "this unspoken concern within the academic community: The avowed desire of many political activists to use higher education for indoctrination."

Fearing involvement in litigation after he had left office, Elkins passed the buck to the Regents, a conservative group whose devotion to academics over athletics has often been questioned. Sentiment among the 30,000 students on campus was divided. Radicals based in the local food co-op were twice escorted by police out of Regents meetings. Debate raged in the department that Ollman would chair. Opponents (approximately one-quarter of its thirty-nine members) charged that he was an activist, not a scholar; that he had never assumed administrative duties before; that he was not even a full professor. Supporters said these objections masked political motives; they pointed out that his *Alienation* book was used at more than 100 colleges and that he came strongly recommended both by his peers (Brzezinski among others) and his colleagues at NYU, who had indicated that he was a most undogmatic Marxist.

When the new president, John Toll (a physicist), took office on July 1, the Regents, realizing they were on shaky legal ground (three of their thirteen members having already expressed opposition that was political) offered him a chance to break in with a bang. Three weeks later, Toll, who had compiled a mixed civil liberties record as president of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, decided against Ollman. At a press conference, he acknowledged the illegality of basing a decision on political beliefs, but explained in vague language that he had concluded, after consulting certain unspecified "expert opinion," that Ollman was not "the best qualified person we can reasonably hope to get." Quoting Jefferson's "hostility against every form of tyranny," Toll even portrayed himself as a *defender* of academic freedom who had rejected the demands of Ollman's outside agitators.

While Sam Hoover applauded the derailing of "this first-class railroad job," others were unconvinced. Search committee Chairman Stephen Elkin called Toll's decision "shameful, self-serving, inadequate as an explanation." Campus activists promised demonstrations and *The New York Times* decided that "the spread of divergent ideas can never hurt as much as their suppression." Gluckstern, who along with Polakoff had to consider Toll's action a vote of no confidence, said, "I have not changed my evaluation of his qualifications." The AAUP reminded Toll that a statement approved by groups speaking for faculty, trustees and administrators declared that presidents, in departmental appointments, should concur with the judgment of faculty "except in rare instances and for compelling reasons which should be stated in detail." Unless these "compelling reasons" are forthcoming, Jordan E. Kurland, associate general secretary, warned, "we have a prima facie case of academic freedom." (The AAUP has since launched an investigation.)

"There are still some people who believe in Santa Claus," Ollman commented, "and these people may just believe that President Toll has rejected my appointment for the reason he gives." He has filed suit against the university in U.S. District Court at Baltimore, based on the First Amendment right to employment irrespective of political beliefs. Ollman's appeal may hinge on interpretation of a case involving Bruce Franklin, a Marxist who was denied a job at the University of Colorado in 1973. The Supreme Court upheld his dismissal, but "drew a distinction," Ollman said, "between a person's beliefs and his actions—Franklin had broken some laws."

Ollman, 43, lives with his wife Paule (a Marxist graduate student) and son in a high-rise apartment near NYU's Greenwich Village campus. His office three blocks away is cluttered by hundreds of books and boxes of Class Struggle. When a *Daily News* photographer arrives, Ollman grabs a game, carefully assembles it on a table, and wonders whether "this is any way for a professor to be acting." Pointing to the Marx-Rockefeller collage on the box cover, he says; "Karl saw the political possibilities for the game and Nelson the economic ones." Ollman chuckles softly as he moves a top-hatted capitalist around the board. "The temptation to weight the game in favor of the workers was fantastic, but I think I withstood it. The capitalists get more points on the first level of the game but the third level favors the workers. Sometimes capitalists get off to a lead which workers overtake; sometimes the lead is so great workers can never

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catch up." Ollman concludes, "We shouldn't turn weapons into plowshares—but into games."

Though he is more somber when discussing the Maryland situation, Ollman remains fair-minded. He refuses, for example, to claim that he is a victim, as some of his supporters have alleged, of a "New McCarthyism." Proof of this, he asserts, can be found in generally favorable press coverage and the fact that the Maryland search committee and at least two top administrators "were not interested in my Marxism." Claims that he is an American Shcharansky, "I can't take seriously. If I'm going to be politically repressed, I prefer to be repressed American-style."

He does feel that "We still have a long way to go to have universities where real tolerance prevails," and mentions several examples, in Maryland alone, where Marxist teachers have been passed over under suspicious circumstances. With economic retrenchment, more of the younger teachers—a growing number of them Marxists—are being denied tenure. "They always call us *a-rowed* Marxists," Ollman remarks, "like it's a dirty word."

In the McCarthy era, recalls Jordan Kurland of the AAUP, there were "scores of cases" where "professors suspected of being communists took the Fifth [Amendment] before investigative bodies and were then dismissed by their schools." In the 1960s, he added, "this kind of thing occasionally still happened when someone's name turned up on a list of 'subversive' individuals." In the past decade, there has been "a steady number of cases" where leftists have been victimized, the most notorious involving Morris Starsky, who was unconstitutionally dismissed (with help from the FBI's COINTELPRO program) from Arizona State University in 1972, and Grant Cooper, who was fired by the University of Arkansas in 1973 after the state legislature threatened to cut university funds.

But although "a lot depends on how the Ollman case turns out," Kurland said, "Marxism has certainly become more acceptable—or should I say, less unwelcome—in the past ten years." At its September meeting the American Society of Political Scientists refused to condemn Toll's action and Ollman expects to win only about 15% of the vote in his current campaign for president of the association. But in at least two disciplines—history and economics—Marxism has come out of the closet and "become the main critical challenge to the orthodoxy," Ollman believes, pointing to the influence of the 3,000-member Union of Radical Political Economists and the consecutive election of two Marxists, Eugene Genovese and William Appleman Williams, as presidents of the Organization of American Historians.

Genovese's accomplishments have frequently been invoked by Ollman supporters. Eight years ago he was selected by conservative economist W. Allen Wallace to head the University of Rochester History Department, which he quickly transformed into one of the most respected in the country. While Genovese agrees that today's academic atmosphere is more open than it was in the 1950s—he was blacklisted himself—he remains deeply concerned about "the direction." The Ollman case, he says, is "the tip of the iceberg. . . . There is growing evidence of what we used to call McCarthyism." But today's repression, he asserts, is more subtle: "It's rare now where people will admit a political motive, so it's hard for professional groups to get involved. Unless there's a real outcry now, it's going to get steadily worse."

Ollman feels that college administrators are running scared. "It's like when a black moves into a white neighborhood. They give him some sort of super-power where he is going to have everyone thrown out of their homes and bring in all his friends and have an all-black neighborhood."

Because of Toll's decision, Ollman will have to wait for another chance to exercise benign authority, but since he never resigned from NYU he has "fallen back on my feet." For the next few months he will also continue to be "chief cook and bottle washer" of Class Struggle.

After being rebuffed by leading toy manufacturers, Ollman raised $25,000 from friends last year and produced the game himself with modest expectations. But the controversy at Maryland fueled public interest. The only game on the market that comes with a bibliography, Class Struggle has already been used as a teaching device in universities and high schools.

Companies in eight countries are seeking translation rights to Class Struggle. Simon & Schuster has agreed to administer the foreign sales, the first time a major American publisher has touted a game abroad. (S.&S. also bid for American distribution rights, but the Class Struggle directors turned down the offer "because it looked like we could do better ourselves," Ollman contends.) Mondadori, the largest publisher in Italy, recently purchased translation rights for $30,000. Upwards of 50 % of this revenue will be channeled to the Class Struggle Foundation, which will distribute funds to worthy Socialist schools and publications. (In Ollman's game, a capitalist can "attempt to whitewash his reputation" by setting up a "tax-exempt charitable foundation.")

Whether he likes it or not, Ollman now finds himself straddling three classes. "I am now," he explains, "a major capitalist, a professional and, because I have a boss and belong to a union, a worker. Even though Marx said that a person can belong to more than one class, it is creating havoc in my psyche." It would seem that the capitalist incentive would now be strongest but instead, he claims, "the temptation is to get out as fast as possible. It has taken time and attention. I could get an ulcer if I stay in it too long."

But with legal action over the Maryland affair threatening to continue for years, Bertell Ollman will not be able to escape extracurricular activities. His latest effort, for example, is an attempt to counter the Evans and Novak article that exposed his classroom "indoctrination" principles. In an eloquent gesture combining his "serious" and "fun" sides, his political and instructional concerns, and the defense of freedom in and out of the classroom, Ollman launched a $5 million libel suit against the columnists—and simultaneously sent them a copy of Class Struggle, "to help them," he explains, "speak more knowledgeably about Marxism in the future." □

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BRANDY AND POKER AT YALE

A Woman Among The Ivy Fellows

VIVIAN GORNICK

Last spring I taught a course in the College Seminar Program at Yale. Under this program a wide variety of people, many of whom are non-academics, are invited to conduct a seminar in anything from nuclear physics to Balinese basket weaving, not in the department of their discipline but at one of the twelve colleges that make up the Yale University system. For the visiting lecturer this means teaching, and sometimes living, in the sponsoring college. It also means a ticketed number of free meals in the college dining hall and, for the duration of the appointment, honorary membership in the Fellowship of the college.

The college Fellowship is a central institution at Yale, one meant to substantiate the academic conviction that only out of small cultivated worlds does there grow a true universe of being. A microcosm within a microcosm (the college itself is a microcosm of university life), the Fellowship at Yale is designed to embody precisely that intimate exchange of spirit and intellect upon which the experience of a great university is built.

Toward this end, the Fellows—who are faculty members, graduate students, members of the university-connected New Haven community, and visiting lecturers—meet once a week. These meetings are conducted in a ritual fashion: the Fellows gather for drinks in a room set aside for them, then "go in" to dinner in the college dining hall, then return to the Fellows' room for brandy, coffee and conversation. This last is the ultimate point of the gathering: the conversation that is meant not only to range across a wide spectrum of intellectual interests but to constitute as well a kind of ongoing exchange over weeks, months and years in which thoughts clarify slowly, maturing in the context we surely are referring to when we use the term "intellectual community."

For a visitor, membership in a Yale Fellowship may vary greatly in interest or significance. Insofar as the life of the entire university is concerned, the Fellowship of course constitutes only a very partial experience. But it is rather like pressing one's eyeball to a keyhole: one does not see the room within in its entirety but one sees certain things in the room in vivid detail.

It goes without saying that the view from the keyhole is as revealing of the observer as of the observed. If the visiting Fellow happens to be from New York, and is a child of the immigrant working class, and a woman as well, the eye pressed to that small opening in the door may very well be drawn to certain objects in the room—particular shapes or colors—that another eye, gazing from another angle, will perhaps bypass altogether.

Yale, like Harvard, is physically modeled on the great English university system. While there are, of course libraries, laboratories and classroom buildings scattered all about, the heart of the university is twelve imitation-Gothic colleges whose high adjoining walls present an imposing face to the New Haven streets on which they stand grouped in massive stone and trailing ivy. (Ah, these Ivy League walls! Thomas Hardy's Jude, breaking his countryman's heart and life trying to scale the walls of Oxbridge, he would have understood these walls.)

Entrance to the colleges is gained through wrought-iron gates welded into medieval archways that give onto lovely inner courtyards: large grassy circles surrounded by colonnaded walks, more stone archways, and green painted doors with brass knockers leading to the many rooms and apartments whose small-paned windows blanket the inner walls. In winter, after snow, trees and bushes glistening with a weight of fairy-tale snow and ice, or in spring and summer, all gold and green with sun-drenched young grass, flowering trees and shrubs, these courtyards reflect back an image of serenity and wealth put to ultimate use: the life of the mind pursued in an atmosphere of civilizing beauty.

The first evening I attended the Fellows' meeting at my college—one of the most conservative as well as one of the wealthiest at Yale—I closed the green door of my classroom, stood for a moment beneath a stone archway, then picked my way across the courtyard in a snowstorm that had tranformed the whole of things into a 19th-century English picture postcard. Almost, gaslight seemed to be flickering in the glass lamps affixed to innumerable entryways all around me.

I walked through another green door, up a flight of stairs, and stepped into a softly lit carpeted foyer with a brass umbrella stand in one corner and an Early American settee in another. On either side of the foyer an open doorway; beyond the doorway to my left stood a library with floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, a magnificent antique desk, easy chairs, soft bright lamplight. The room was empty, silent; it looked, somehow, long unused. From the doorway to my right came the sound of voices and of drinks being made. I turned right.

My first impression of the scene before me remained a lasting one. The room was wide and deep, its polished floor covered with a fine old rug, its windows draped in damask, beautiful old-fashioned furniture scattered everywhere, brilliant pools of lamplight lying on gleaming wooden surfaces. Before an unlit fireplace stood a large mahogany table covered with glasses, an ice bucket, little bowls of olives, onions, cherries, and perhaps twenty bottles of liquor. Beside this table stood another, covered with wine glasses, many kinds of liqueurs and brandies, and in its center a pear-shaped

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crystal decanter half-filled with shimmering red wine; across the belly of the decanter was cut the legend: "Success to Repeal."

Sitting and standing about the room were eight or ten men, all of whom looked to my startled eyes to have gray hair, blue eyes, square jaws, and to be dressed in either banker's gray or banker's blue. I knew almost instantly this was not literally true—there was a dark tweedy fellow in one corner, a walrus-shaped man with sandy hair and a flaming red tie in another—but the overwhelming impression of blue eyes, square jaws and banker's gray somehow persisted.

Four men shot to their feet when I entered the room and said "Good evening" in a tone that further startled me. A tone I hadn't heard in a long time, it contained that unmistakable "deference" given to women-and-other-minorities by those in uncomfortable possession of the world they dominate.

One of these men (he *was* blue-eyed, square-jawed, and wearing banker's gray) shook hands warmly with me, smiled directly into my eyes, and introduced himself. His voice was hearty, sincere, deeply courteous. He asked me what I was doing at Yale, how I was finding the students, where did I live, what exactly did I do. His response to each of my replies was impeccable: "Really. How interesting! Now *that's* a novel idea. Never thought of it quite like that. I must say, you've got a point there." Yet, the quality of this exchange was rather remarkable: seamless and airless, as though words were passing mysteriously through a smooth unbroken surface, impenetrable for human contact.

This man (I'll call him Ralph Whitcomb) had apparently appointed himself my initiating host for the evening; he would introduce me to the people now in the room and all those to come, he would take me in to dinner, seat me at a table with his friends, and then afterwards—long afterwards—see that I got the train back to New York.

Ralph Whitcomb taught law. I asked him how long he'd been at Yale. He smiled, a merry, easy smile. "All my life," he said, rubbing the back of his neck thoughtfully. "I'm a fifth-generation Yalie. Whitcombs have been at Yale forever, simply forever." It was my turn to say: "How interesting, what a novel idea, never thought of it quite like that."

Slowly, fifteen or twenty people drifted into the room (the Fellowship membership is eighty or ninety; perhaps a third of that number show up for the weekly meetings). Besides myself, there was only one other woman present. Ralph Whitcomb introduced me to everyone who walked in. The introductions were oddly identical. Whitcomb beamed at each man in turn, saying heartily: "*Hul*-lo, Dick. *Hul*-lo, Jim. I'd like you to meet. . . ." Jim or Dick would shake my hand, smile at me as courteously as Whitcomb himself had, and move off to get a drink. Whitcomb would then turn to me and say: "Wonderful feller, Jim. Wonderful feller, Dick. Devoted to the college. The work he's done with the students. The money he's raised for the school. Simply remarkable. They're a great bunch here, a great bunch."

I felt a hand on my arm. A tall, stooped man was standing beside me, a plate of crackers and cheese in his left hand. He beamed at me and said in a gruff, kindly voice: "Little lady, would it be considered-uh-*sexist* of me if I offered you an or-*derve*?" Two men beside him laughed delightedly. The man with the cheese and crackers laughed. I stared, speechless.

Whitcomb—sensitive, socially attuned—intervened smoothly. "I think the lady, who is not really so little, gentlemen, would perhaps prefer to wait a few moments more, and go down to dinner." He cupped my elbow lightly: "Is that right?" "Yes," I replied, taking a swallow of my drink and a drag on my cigarette. The man with the or-*derves* turned away, slightly discomfited.

Whitcomb seemed embarrassed. "He's really a prince of a fellow," he said. "It's just that he's not up on these things."

"What things?" I asked.

"Well," Whitcomb coughed, a hand up to his mouth. "Women's lib, and all that."

"Ladies and gentlemen," a voice called from the depths of the crowd. "Dinner is now being served. Will you kindly go down to the dining hall?"

Whitcomb took my arm, guiding me gently through the crowd, to the doorway that led to a circular staircase going down to the dining hall. We picked our way, single file, some a bit more alcohol-gingerly than others, down the stairs.

I don't know what I expected to see then, certainly not a private dining room with men in white coats standing behind high-backed chairs, but, on the other hand, not the crash and bustle of an ordinary college cafeteria (albeit this one had a high vaulted ceiling and dark wooden tables and chairs). The Fellows' dinner, it turned out, consisted of getting on a cafeteria line, making a choice between chicken and chop suey, and scrambling to get a group of tables together where one ate off trays amidst the noisy clatter of hundreds of students eating, laughing, jumping about.

At my table sat Whitcomb, myself, the sole other woman and four other men. They were, variously, teachers of art, biology, history and sociology. I do not recall the substance of the conversation. What I do remember is this: the level of the talk was that of an insurance salesman's—ranging from pure banality to low-grade shop talk—but the tone in which all remarks were delivered was exquisitely courteous: measured, moderate, State Department-civilized. The effect was uncanny: it was as though a packaged TV dinner was being eaten off the finest china, with heirloom silver and cut crystal.

Dinner quickly over, we emptied our trays on the dishwashing line, trooped back up the staircase we had only minutes earlier descended, and re-entered the lovely room in which the Fellows had originally gathered. "Now," I thought. "Brandy, coffee and good talk."

Our numbers were greatly diminished. Only ten or

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fifteen people had returned to the room. I stood waiting to see how the group would form itself, helping myself to a brandy from the wine table. Then I saw a large, low table being positioned before a sofa, and chairs placed all about it. A group of the men in the room (I was now again the only woman present) sat down around the table. I turned, puzzled, to Whitcomb still at my elbow.

"Now," he laughed, "the moment we've all been waiting for."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Poker," he replied.

"You're kidding."

"I most certainly am not. Poker is not a thing to kid about."

"But I thought people talked now," I said, almost plaintively.

"Maybe once upon a time they did," Whitcomb replied, his eyes laughing, "but now they know there are more important things in the world. Like playing poker."

Even as he was speaking, another table was being placed before another sofa, and within minutes two poker games were in session. I looked around. The game had just about wiped out the room. Two men in their tweedy 60s were sitting in a far corner, speaking softly together. Another man roamed about, a brandy glass in his hand, a self-conscious smile on his lips, obviously not knowing what to do with himself, and, for one reason or a hundred, not wanting to leave. I sank into a chair and sat staring, directing my eyes like a toy searchlight around the room: the liquor table, the rug, the poker game; the lamplight, the wine decanter, the poker game; the men in the corner, the man roaming about, the poker game. On my last sweep I found someone staring at *me*. It was the walrus-shaped man with the red tie, standing in the staircase doorway, his eyes fixed on me. A man in his late 60s, pudding-faced and with watery eyes behind thick glasses, his gaze was nevertheless piercing. I rose and went to join him. As I stood before him he said softly: "Don't be too quick to judge, my dear."

I laughed. "My face must be transparent," I said. He nodded. I asked him who he was. He did not, of course, tell me who he was but he did tell me his name was Richard Donaldson, he taught political science and had been at Yale for thirty years. His eyes moved to the poker game. I saw the grimace on his mouth and the angriness that momentarily sparked his eyes. "Tell me," I said.

"Twenty-five years ago," Donaldson said, "one came here, sat down to a good dinner in a private room, ate in a leisurely fashion in peace and quiet, then returned to this room, took a glass of brandy, lit a cigar and sat down with distinguished men to discuss everything in the world. These evenings, then, were among the most civilized of my life."

Donaldson had been staring at the men throwing down cards as he spoke. Now his eyes came back to me. His last words hung in the air between us: ". . . the most civilized of my life." He looked at me, and as he did so I saw bewilderment crowding up in his face. There was an unspoken silence between us. The confusion in his eyes gave it away. He was looking at me and thinking: "And *you* wouldn't have been here, either."

"Yes," I said evenly, "civilization as you have known it must certainly seem to be crashing all about you." Donaldson reddened, but said not another word.

In half an hour Ralph Whitcomb rose from the table, threw down his cards, said, "I know when I'm beat," and signaled to me. We put on our coats, left the warm, enclosing comfort and went out into the snowstorm night. I caught the nine o'clock train to New York.

Two weeks later I returned to the Fellows' room on the second floor of the college. All was as I remembered it: solid comfort, "Success to Repeal," blue eyes and square jaws. This time, there were three or four women standing on the rug, their presence slightly reducing the overpowering maleness of the room. I took a drink, nodded at Ralph Whitcomb whose return nod said plainly, "I've done my duty, now you're on your own," and turned toward one of the women speaking with a man whose face I remembered from the previous meeting. This woman, incredibly, was also gray-haired, blue-eyed and square-jawed—but she looked more like Eleanor Roosevelt than like a banker. Her name was Ruth Richards, she taught Asian history, her (absent) husband taught sociology. Her husband was tenured at Yale, she was not; they were both Fellows of this college.

The man with Ruth Richards was a New Haven psychiatrist and also a Fellow. They asked me how I was finding Yale. "The students are fine, but this is something else," I said bluntly, indicating the room in which we stood. Ruth Richards nodded instantly, grimly. The psychiatrist smiled blandly and, in that remarkably courteous voice I had come to associate with the room, said: "Oh, I don't know. I guess it can all look pretty stuffy, but you know, keeping up with forms is most important, most important." Surprised to hear a psychiatrist speak so reverently of forms, I remarked casually that forms are meant to hold live matter, when they ceased to do so. . . I shrugged. "True, true," the doctor replied absently, and fell silent. Clearly, the subject did not engage him.

It was the middle of the drinking hour, people were rapidly filling up the room. Ice clinked, elbows made contact, deep voices rumbled politely, "Hullo Dick, hullo Jim." A hand grasped the psychiatrist's arm. He turned eagerly. "Hul-lo, Charlie," he smiled. Charlie was somewhere between 40 and 60, with thin brown hair, blinking eyes, and a body shaped like a bowling pin. He and Ruth Richards nodded silently at each other. The psychiatrist said: "Charlie, I'd like you to meet this lady. She's a journalist from New York." Charlie shook my hand and said: "Really. How interesting. What do you do? Run a cooking page somewhere?"

Ruth Richards's mouth fell open. The psychiatrist flushed. Charlie blinked. Before I could speak the psychiatrist said: "No, no, Charlie. She's a *real* journalist. Art, politics, society, *that* sort of thing."

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And he beamed at me. As though to say, "*I* at least have done right by you, haven't I?"

I had, then, a mildly hallucinatory moment. I imagined I had wandered into an 18th-century English novel and, in a roomful of country squires, one provincial was booming at another, "No, no, my dear fellow, you've got it all wrong. The young lady's got lit'ry interests. Don't you understand? *Lit'ry* interests."

The sensation swiftly grew in me that this room was frozen in time and space. Outside its windows, the world was thrashing about—people yelling, screaming, kicking, clawing; pain, disaster, excitement; new life welling up; a whole politics alive with anguish, cruelty, hope, despair—but in here all was as it had ever been and ever would be, tranquilized upon a steady flow of power, untouched, unthreatened, unaltered ("Whitcombs have been at Yale simply forever").

"Hello," someone was saying, "I'm so glad to meet you." I turned. A young woman stood beside me: short brown hair, anxious blue eyes, plaid skirt, round white collar. Her name was Laura Anderson; she was a graduate student in psychology, a Fellow of this college, in her late rather than early 20s as I at first thought. "I'd like to discuss something with you," she said softly (too softly I remember thinking). "Yes?" I said. She looked nervously around the room: at all those men. "Well, there's one thing about the feminists that bothers me. . . ." Her voice trailed off. I waited. It came back. "Freud," she said earnestly. "Freud?" I said blankly. "Yes, where do you stand on Freud?" she asked, now looking really worried. An image of myself standing on Freud blocked all thought for a moment. "I don't understand," I said slowly, knowing damned well what she meant but feeling tired already. "What exactly do you mean?"

"Time to go eat," the psychiatrist said, and he, I, Laura Anderson and Ruth Richards trooped downstairs, single file, and stood one behind the other on the cafeteria line while we each had chicken or chop suey dumped on our plates. All the while Laura Anderson was imploring me to explain to her how the feminists dealt with penis envy, and how was it possible to simply ignore the whole of Freudian theory in this way. I looked at her for a moment, thinking what a sheltered life I lived in New York.

"Well," I said taking a deep breath, "look at it this way. It's not a matter of denying Freudian theory so much as it is seeing that in certain particulars Freud's speculations on women were simply wrongheaded. For instance, the repressiveness in men he observed was so active he could clearly posit conflict. But in women he observed a behavior so culturally constricted he misread it; misread the nature of the conflict in them; in fact, often thought it entirely absent."

By this time we were seated at the table, the psychiatrist on one side of me, Ruth Richards on the other, Laura across the table. Since I was speaking, no one else spoke, and they listened while I made my point. "Take Freud's famous essay on the commonest form of erotic degradation—namely, the split between the tender and the sensual that makes it impossible for all the strands of love to be joined in feeling for a single person. In other words, the classic case of the man who can make love to a whore but not to his own wife. Now, in this essay Freud says such conflicted behavior is strictly limited to men, that it is an impossibility among women. Today, we know this is simply not true. The condition he describes is extremely common among women, especially very intelligent and highly achieving women. They often can make love with an ape but not with an equal."

Laura's anxious face was nodding steadily as I spoke. But out of the corner of my eye I saw that the psychiatrist had laid down his knife and fork and was staring, open-mouthed, at me. I turned to him, puzzled. "Do you disagree with what I've just said?" I asked. He ignored my question, and continued to stare at me. Then, his voice transformed with wonder, he said to me: "You *know* that?"

It was my turn to stare, and once again among the Fellows to find myself without speech. I could not find my way around inside the psychiatrist's question. What exactly was its point of origin? Had he only just discovered this amazing bit of emotional truth himself? Or—and here was a glimmer of possibility—was he astonished that a woman was smart enough to be conversant with something he considered esoteric? Where did one begin with this extraordinary question?

I did not break the silence. Neither did anyone else. Laura Anderson flushed, lowered her face and began to eat. The psychiatrist did not press his rhetorical question into one of real exchange. Ruth

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Richards then rushed to start another conversation. I speculated idly on what it must be like to be a patient of the psychiatrist, and found myself shuddering involuntarily. . . . A quick brandy upstairs soothed my frayed nerves, and I rushed for the eight o'clock train.

Weeks later, on an evening lovely with early spring, I ventured once more into the Fellows' room—although at the last minute I nearly found myself not turning the doorknob on the green door. It was harder in spring than it had been in winter to walk out of the lively, fluid world into the static comfort of the room upstairs.

On this particular evening the room was extremely full, the reason being that an eminent literary critic who was a Fellow of this college was to receive a special toast on the eve of his long-awaited new book. (And a good thing, too, that this little ceremony took place on the eve, as two weeks later a front-page review in the Sunday *Times* panned the book, and that certainly would have put a damper on the toast.) Also, there was present this evening another well-known Fellow: a gentleman of 80 who has been the head of one of Yale's literary factories for the past quarter of a century. (Yale is the repository for a number of famous literary estates; as a result, innumerable people have been put to work for endless years turning these masses of papers and manuscripts into volumes without number, the whole enterprise strongly resembling a manufactory of books.) This gentleman sat immobile on the sofa, nodding and smiling over his cane while, one by one, people dropped out of conversation to pay their respects to a figure now fixed in academic association with the Great Man of Letters whose literary remains he has spent a lifetime reverently (and profitably) mining for the greater glory of man and Yale.

I found Ruth Richards, and quickly glued myself to her side while I observed the crowd, many of whose faces were now familiar to me. Across the room, a loud hearty laugh broke through the low buzz of cocktail-party chatter. It came from a man I'd seen each time I'd been here. Although I'd never spoken with him I had, indeed, noticed him as he was not only strikingly handsome (large dark eyes, black beetle brows, a headful of gray-black hair thrown straight back off his forehead) but also, somehow, "important"-looking.

I turned now to Ruth and asked her who this man was. Her eyes went wry and amused. "That's David Shipley," she said, "a distinguished physicist here at Yale." I looked at her inquiringly. So? I asked silently. "Nothing," she laughed, "nothing at all. Talk to him if you can. You'll see for yourself." I looked back at David Shipley. He was flinging down 2 inches of whiskey and laughing more heartily than ever.

Oddly enough, perhaps fifteen minutes later I found myself in a circle of men, one of whom was Shipley. Now that I was right up against him, so to speak, his voice was loud, his eyes glassy, and his whiskey swirled dangerously as he gesticulated in wide careless arm swings. The distinguished physicist was clearly on his way to getting roaring drunk. (Later, Ruth Richards rolled her eyes to the ceiling and muttered: "Every *damned* time.") Upon being introduced to me, Shipley, instead of acknowledging the introduction, poked the man next to him, winked broadly, and said: "Well, things are looking up in the old college, eh?"

I moved away, joined another conversation briefly, and then the call to dinner was heard. As the room was crowded the move toward the dining hall was slowed up. But then, at last, the line narrowed and I placed my foot on the first step of the circular staircase. Suddenly, I heard a kind of scuffle and in the same instant felt a body lurching against me. My head went back and I saw that it was Shipley behind me. Having lost his footing, he was falling forward. He grasped my waist to steady himself. But then, instead of simply righting himself he continued to lean against me, and his hand began to move down, down, down. . . .

I jerked away and around in one motion, placed my hand, spread out flat, against his chest, and pushed. "Professor," I said. But the authority I'd meant the word to carry was lost as I heard my own voice wavering between sternness and helpless laughter. No matter: Shipley was too drunk to take in this finer point.

"Yes, yes," he grunted. "So sorry. These damned steps. They keep going round and round. Makes it hard for a fellow to walk straight."

We finally managed it, with me practically holding Shipley up, as we hobbled, crab-fashion, all the way down. I shoved him onto the cafeteria line and then stood behind him. When he reached the counter, the clear-eyed undergraduate standing behind the steam table, a pair of tongs poised over a trayful of chicken, said to him: "Breast or leg, sir?" Whereupon Shipley began to guffaw like a lunatic, and weave on his feet in a confused effort to turn his head in my direction. He finally managed to make his eye (rolling about in the socket like a loose marble) fix itself on me, and he leered: "One is always being asked if one wants a breast or a leg. What I always say is 'What's the good of one without the other?' " I then had to support him again as a convulsion of laughter nearly brought him down altogether.

I ordered chop suey that evening.

Ruth Richards drove me to the station. As we sat in her car waiting for my train to come in she leaned back in her seat, lit a cigarette, then turned to me and said: "You know what keeps this whole thing going? What allows them to take themselves so seriously; and still go on behaving like this? It's guys like my husband. My husband is a good man, a kind and gentle man, comes from a poor home, fought his way to the top. And he's smart. Very, very smart. But you know? In spite of all that, and in spite of everything he knows, every morning of his life he wakes up, goes to the bathroom, starts to shave, and as he's looking at himself in the mirror, somewhere inside of him a voice is saying: 'Jesus Christ, I'm at *Yale*.' " □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Aesthete and Mandarin

MARK SHECHNER

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND POLITICS 1932-1972. *By Philip Rahv. Edited by Arabel J. Porter and Andrew J. Dvosin. Houghton Mifflin Company. 454 pp. $15.*

IMAGES AND IDEAS IN AMERICAN CULTURE: The Function of Criticism. Essays in Memory of Philip Rahv. *Edited by Arthur Edelstein. Brandeis University Press. Distributed by the University Press of New England. 244 pp. $10.*

This is the second part of an essay the first part of which appeared last week.

Philip Rahv's lifelong engagement with Dostoevsky began at just the moment when his break with communism was confirmed, as though he had taken the novelist on as a Russian antidote to his particular brand of Russian fever: revolutionism. He cherished Dostoevsky's suspicion of "the compulsory organization of human happiness," his skepticism about reason and progress, and his instinctive conservatism that is shot through with rebelliousness as bracing alternatives to the chiliastic pep talks of infantile revolutionism and the authorized camaraderie of the popular front. Yet Rahv held Dostoevsky to be, for all his skepticism, at bottom (or *au fond* as he liked to say it) a revolutionist of a uniquely Russian type: a religious revolutionist. "Whatever Dostoevsky's manifest intention," Rahv wrote of the Grand Inquisitor section of *The Brothers Karamazov*, "actually it is one of the most revolutionary critiques of power and authority ever produced." Of *Crime and Punishment* he would add that whatever its manifest theme, its latent one was "the right to violent rebellion."

Initially it was to draw out the lessons of the Russian Revolution and its bleak aftermath that he attended to Dostoevsky, but his focus shifted over the years to become both more literary and more self-critical. Dostoevsky eventually appealed to Rahv as something of a double in whom he could catch a glimpse of his own contradictory nature. He praised Dostoevsky's ambiguous handling of Raskolnikov's motives in *Crime and Punishment*, observing that "[Dostoevsky's] capacity to combine [his contradictions] in a single brain and a single psyche, while staving off the danger of incoherence at the one end and of specious reconciliation at the other, is the victory scored in this novel by the imaginative artist over the ruthless polemicist."

These essays on the elusive Dostoevsky merit special attention because in them Rahv came close to, if not defining himself through the novelist, at least announcing an intellectual agenda for himself by examining what a life of ideas, pressed to its limits, might sound like. It is not hard to recognize how self-consciously his praise of Dostoevsky is rendered in the passage quoted above, or to see that Rahv was enlisting Dostoevsky in his own struggle with the part of himself that Mary McCarthy had once called an "intransigent. . .pontificating young Marxist." Little wonder that the contradictory Dostoevsky appealed to that element in Rahv that was torn between revolutionary fervor and literary contemplation, between playing the exile, the rebel, and the stranger and settling in with his own exquisite tastes in food, clothes, fiction and women. The many disarming accounts of Rahv's grand manner at home, his imposing imitations of the bourgeois *gentilhomme*, give us pause to wonder to what extent that manner was a studied incongruity, a dressing up of what Lionel Trilling called an "opposing self," to be played off against his grim, Dostoevskian persona as an assertion that he was no man to be pinned down.

A good part of the rationale for this new volume of essays on the part of its editors, Arabel Porter and Andrew Dvosin, was to bring together Rahv's essays on Dostoevsky for the first time and present them as a book-in-progress. Yet brought together they explain why Rahv could not finish the book, for they were written by two, maybe three, men with widely divergent interests. No manner of tinkering could have drawn together the strands of thought or endowed these essays, written as much as thirty-four years apart, with the uniformity of intention that a proper book must have.

The earliest essay, on "Dostoevsky and *The Possessed*," written originally in 1938 in reaction against the Moscow Trials and later revised for inclusion in Rahv's first anthology, *Image and Idea* (1949), was conceived in outrage and desperation and is both intensely personal and thoroughly political. In 1938, Rahv was reasoning his way out of his earlier allegiance to the Russian Revolution, and even in the 1940s he was still busy extricating himself from doctrinal Marxism, so that the revised essay, which is published here, reflects, in its agitation, the depths of Rahv's revulsion and uncertainty.

As late as 1954, in writing about "The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor," Stalinism and fascism were still very much on his mind, and Rahv was impelled to return to the relevance of that parable to the "modern historical experience." "The figure of the Grand Inquisitor is dramatically compelling enough to stay permanently on our minds as a symbolic character-image of the dialectic of power." It may be too simple to call this particular essay a cold-war piece, though the cold war was certainly the context and conceivably the occasion for it, but it spoke for the lingering outrage of the betrayed revolutionists for whom the question of Russia and the collapse of "their" revolution had not yet been laid to rest.

By the '60s, in an essay on *Crime and Punishment*, Rahv had taken leave at last of Dostoevsky's, and Russia's, politics and traded in his historicism for an *ad hoc* psychologism. Taking up the question of Raskolnikov's crime, Rahv praised Dostoevsky's handling of motives in rendering Raskolnikov's behavior indeterminate. He congratulated Dostoevsky for his insight that "in the last analysis. . .human consciousness is inexhaustible and incalculable. It cannot be condensed into something so limited and specific as a motive." Two later essays, on "Notes from Underground" and on the ambiguous paradisaical fantasies in Dostoevsky's later books (entitled "The Other Dostoevsky"), both dated 1972 by the editors of this volume, one year before Rahv's death, take leave of both psychology and history and veer off toward something that sounds like conventional literary study, with their emphasis upon literary themes and diffuse surveys of Dostoevsky's ideas.

There is something disheartening about these late essays. Set alongside Rahv's vigorous writing of earlier years they sound donnish and impersonal: the mastery of idiom has grown slack and the prose turned fussy and verbose as his classic muscularity of phrasing has faded into dreamy expositions punctuated by long-winded attacks on other critics. In sum, there was no book in the offing, and eleventh-hour efforts to produce one revealed just how stalled the

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project had become, probably, I would guess, at the point where the fuel of anti-Stalinism had run out. Without it, or a suitable replacement, Rahv had simply lost the thread.

A second rationale of the editors for bringing out this new selection of essays was to include some of the purely political writings that Rahv himself had kept out of his own authorized anthologies: *Image and Idea*, *The Myth and the Powerhouse* and *Literature and the Sixth Sense*. It is a welcome addition to our picture of Rahv to have some of these essays and editorials made accessible, though it is easy to see why Rahv endeavored to put them out of sight. Most are occasional pieces, hectoring and strident but highly perishable pronouncements that reveal Rahv to have been far more rigid in his political judgments than in his literary ones and embarrassingly submissive in his youth to party dogma and Marxist assault tactics.

In a 1934 review of Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night* (in *The Daily Worker*) he bravely admonished the author that no amount of good taste nor "the standards of *The Saturday Evening Post*" would protect him from the coming revolution. "Dear Mr. Fitzgerald, you can't hide from a hurricane under a beach umbrella." Rahv knew well enough that no lasting reputation could be founded on such stuff, nor upon later anti-Stalinist manifestoes (such as "Trials of the Mind," included here) which are both overbearing and confused, and couched in rhetoric that hardens in the throat just as it does in the heart. In giving us a taste of Rahv as a propagandist, Porter and Dvosin have inadvertently vindicated Rahv's apparent judgment on the matter: that he was not a political thinker of the first rank but rather, first and foremost, a *literary* intellectual.

Moreover, Rahv's politics were just too unstable to be fairly represented in a trade-press anthology of such scope, and what we get as a result is an unduly linear view of his ascent from commmunism, uncomplicated by the intricate maneuvers and delicate mid-course corrections that his politics really entailed. Briefly presented like this without a more ample introduction to put them in perspective, these essays make Rahv sound like a more simple-minded representative of his generation, more like, say, Lionel Abel than himself.

It is good, and important, to have Rahv back in print, though for my money I'd prefer to see Houghton Mifflin reissue his 1969 collection, *Literature and the Sixth Sense*, possibly augmented by some of the Dostoevsky chapters and a few essays from *Modern Occasions*. *Literature and the Sixth Sense* is the fulle collection of the two, forty-four essays t thirty-five, and the richer in its selectio of Rahv's best criticism. Porter an Dvosin have come up with less by at tempting to do more and have given us i consequence a Rahv sampler rathe than the definitive edition we sorel need. Those of us who value Rahv an continue to learn from him welcome thi volume, though I also hold out the hop that Houghton Mifflin may be persuad ed to bring back *Literature and the Sixt Sense* in paperback, and keep it in prin as it deserves to be.

The Festschrift is an artificial form, a celebratory book designed to honor, o memorialize, a life, and one thinks of i largely as a social gesture by design an an intellectual event only by accident Normally a haphazard collection o essays that commonly bear only tangen tially on the person being feted, it i often little more than an occasion fo logrolling and self-promotion, or fo codifying the boundaries and fixing th hierarchy of some particular coterie Thus, what is at once distracting abou this particular instance of the genre Arthur Edelstein's *Images and Ideas i American Culture: The Function o Criticism*, is the roster of contributor who are *not* in it. Not a single person wh wrote for *Partisan Review* in its heyda is represented, and only Richard Poi rier, who was an associate editor for while in the '60s and whose influence o the magazine Rahv is said to hav deplored, bears any connection to *Parti san Review* at all. (How unlike th Festschrift published a year ago for Lio

SEABRIGHT, SHELLS, AND A WOMAN FLOATING IN THE MOON

Say that minnows catch nothing tonight.
Even shrimp and my lures decked out
in costume jewelry, seduce little.

A quarrel brought me here, my tackle
like First Aid convenient in the trunk.
So I ignore the moon, bobbing

like a stripped orange tossed with egg shells
and sandwich crusts from one of the excursion boats.
I am thinking of the woman who sits

on the jetty, tracing a shell to shard edges,
I imagine her finger polished smooth,
her anger scrubbed of guilt, shining.

Women don't come alone, in the dark,
to the beach at Seabright, New Jersey,
unless they are drunk, or too mad to care

about the accidents that live in the seawall,
the headlines that surface like the drowned
so often they've been given a season.

Now, say that my line rolls up
in backwash, my hands go ignorant
and insensitive to time because the woman,

giving up her shell, stands in moonlight
that has sifted trash and found its true
color in the clarity of eggs,

strips to her anger, and lies down.
I think of my waders kneeling on the beach,
my shirt spread out like a sand-angel.

I shed my quarrels like heavy clothes
and love what is angry in this world,
the mad or drunk who trace their pain

here, where nothing takes the bait they offer.

H.A. Maxson

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nel Trilling, *Art, Politics, and Will*, which was a veritable rollcall of friends and a definition of the Trilling circle.)

Whatever the reasons may be—and I would guess that the corrosive effects of more than three decades of rancorous politics played their part—the effect of this absence upon us is to heighten the melancholy of Rahv's last years, and to confirm the account of his final isolation and embitterment that Alan Lelchuk renders so vividly in his memoir of Rahv in this collection. But, if we can stave off the melancholy, we find here a substantial collection of important essays, several of which are in the direct line of social and political analysis that was Rahv's, and *Partisan's*, trademark. In addition to two memoirs of Rahv, by Milton Hindus and Lelchuk, the book features essays on the culture of contemporary politics by Noam Chomsky and Stephen Whitfield, and on the cultural status of contemporary literature and habits of reading by Edelstein, Poirier, Robert Alter, Robert Brustein and Howard Nemerov.

The strongest contributions are those of Chomsky, Whitfield, Alter and Lelchuk, and I want to say a word about each. Chomsky's essay, "Foreign Policy and the Intelligentsia," carries forward a line of argument about the "new mandarins" that he has been pursuing for some time. He charges the American intelligentsia, among whom he numbers the opinion-making echelons of the media and the scholarly professions, with having been abjectly submissive to official cant about the moral designs of national policy, and having been reluctant to call into question the "national religion" (i.e., the church of essential American goodwill), despite the fact that all available evidence points to the unalloyed influence of pure economic self-interest abroad, and to the determinative role of a narrow elite of business interests that constitutes the foreign policy establishment. "Within the nation-state, the effective 'national purpose' will be articulated, by and large, by those who control the central economic institutions, while the rhetoric to disguise it is in the province of the intelligentsia."

In a closely reasoned and well-documented argument Chomsky cites case after case of the prominent policy intellectuals, from columnists William V. Shannon and Joseph Kraft to scholars and intellectuals like Arthur Schlesinger and Sidney Hook, articulating American policy from points of view that are demonstrably false and even run counter to their own factual knowledge. He concludes from this that, "If an anthropologist were to observe the phenomenon that I have been discussing, he would have no hesitation in concluding that we are dealing here with a form of taboo, a deep-seated superstitious avoidance of some terrifying question: in this case, the question of how economic power functions in American society."

Whitfield's contribution, "Totalitarianism in Eclipse: The Recent Fate of an Idea," is a fascinating history of the rhetoric of totalitarianism as it has come into the arena of contemporary political discourse and been traduced by promiscuous and dishonest application. Focusing on the '60s when certain lines of radical analysis discovered totalitarian strains in the American political system, Whitfield points out how pernicious that rhetoric was in both obscuring the real features of the system, and therefore the real prospects for mobilizing against it, and cheapening the actual historical experience of totalitarianism in Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia.

Robert Alter's "Mimesis and the Motive for Fiction" is a pointed challenge to modish post-modernist practices of literary study that emphasize the "intertextuality" of literature, its arbitrariness and self-reference, rather than its mimetic relation to a real world. In that movement, French in its provenance though now highly visible in the American academy, Alter discerns a retreat from actuality masked as a deeper probing into the structures of meaning. "Despite the Marxism or Maoism of some of its French proponents," Alter observes, "it was as disengaged from history as the New Criticism had been, though on 'scientific' rather than aesthetic grounds; and so it provided an attractive retreat from history after the disorienting involvements of the Vietnam years." What has been lost in the retreat, he suggests, is the rich and complex relation of art to experience (which is *not* a mere semiotic pattern of arbitrary signifiers) and with it the most pressing of the reasons that normally bring us to books in the first place: to discover the world and to test our own experience against someone else's.

What all three contributions share and what unites them with Rahv is a seriousness about actuality, in both social analysis and literary interpretation, a disdain for mystification, and a commitment to critical reason in the conduct of interpretation. Rahv abhorred "symbolism" in literature much as he abhorred ideology in politics, holding them to be evasions of reality and therefore of the intellectual's responsibility to seek the truth, free of dogma and preconception. It may be indeed that what Rahv's radicalism finally came down to was not a vision of life improved by social engineering but a

In his own words—the martyred Black leader's vision of his country, present and future

STEVE BIKO

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commitment to telling the truth, which meant to him the truth about experience, about history, and about power.

Finally, as I have said, Lelchuk's tender recollection of Rahv in his last years at Brandeis, where both men were colleagues and, for a brief period, coworkers on the short-lived *Modern Occasions*, puts a gloomy cast upon the rest of the book. Lelchuk reminds us of the tragedies that befell Rahv toward the end: the separation from *Partisan Review* and William Phillips on bitter terms, the ill-fated *Modern Occasions* that had to be halted after six issues when funds ran low, the fire that destroyed his home, killed his wife, Theo, and wiped out his library, a disastrous final marriage that left him emotionally helpless and uncharacteristically vulnerable, and his final isolation from old friends when his personal distress served to heighten the abrasive qualities that once, leavened by humor and intelligence, had been the very basis of his charm. He has given us a special sort of memoir, invaluable because it is the only one we have that doesn't feature Rahv in his public roles: as arch rationalist, as table-thumping ideologue, arbiter of culture, or organizer of the *Zeitgeist*. It reminds us that all his insistence upon the truth of experience and history was rooted in the life of a man who felt deeply about what he had been through and had learned the hard way that the best knowledge was human knowledge—that came with a life attached to it—and the deadliest, knowledge that came dressed in abstraction, as dogma or theory. □

A Level Of Art Below the Monumental

ARTHUR R. GOLD

DEMOCRACY AND THE NOVEL: Popular Resistance to Classic American Writers. *By Henry Nash Smith. Oxford University Press. 204 pp. $13.95.*

Who but Henry Nash Smith has ever read so much bad literature, and done so much good with it? Smith has long been interested in the "inertia of literary forms." He likes to show how they go on and on like daydreams. In *Virgin Land*, which has become a classic of American literary scholarship, he wrote of our myths of the Northwest Passage, the wilderness, and the garden, and of how they became progressively emptied of content, as the realities to which they once referred changed face.

Now in *Democracy and the Novel* he confesses his fascination with "the durability, the imperviousness of the secular faith or ideology lying at the base of American popular culture." And with this secular faith he associates the sudden dominance in 19th-century America of "middlebrow" novels, like Maria Cummins's *The Lamplighter* (40,000 copies in its first eight weeks), Susan B. Warner's *The Wide, Wide World* (thirteen printings in two years, reprinted sixty-seven times, half a million copies sold in the United States alone, not to mention Great Britain), and Henry Ward Beecher's *Norwood*.

The essence both of the secular faith and of the fiction that embodied it, Smith shows, was hostility to differences, and to the integrity of individual experience. One kindly God overruled the universe of nature, and in the meanest flower that breathed one universal doctrine of grace (watered-down Calvinism, diluted Emersonian optimism) could be read. The spirit of this fiction can be shown in Henry Ward Beecher's reaction, if it can be called a reaction, to the Civil War:

> What if twenty thousand wounded men lie groaning here? It is the price of a nation's life! The instruments of their great conflict were carnal, but its fruits spiritual.
>
> War ploughed the fields of Gettysburg, and planted its furrows with men. But, though the seed was blood, the harvest shall be peace. . . .

This sounds at first like the history of culture. In fact, Smith is not so much a historian of culture as a student of defenses against cultural contamination. In his sympathetic *Mark Twain: The Development of a Writer*, he interpreted Huck Finn's "vernacular" ("I don't take no stock in dead people") as a defense against the culture of the gilded age. The defense broke down, and that, according to Smith, explains why Twain's development as a writer stopped. Between the acceptable banalities of Tom Sawyer and his own inner fruitless nihilism, Twain had no place to go—no characters in whose experience he could believe, no fictitious life he could explore. *Democracy and the Novel* generalizes from a scholarly lifetime spent thinking about the problems which Twain's career raises. It includes essays on Hawthorne, Melville, Howells and James, as well as on Twain and poor Henry Ward Beecher. Its subject is not culture or art taken independently but the encroachments of culture upon art, and the resistance of art to culture.

Hawthorne commented on the "d--d mob of scribbling women" whose works outsold his own, and who were partly responsible for the excision of the letters "amne." But he went on diffidently producing texts that were and still are the opposite of a good read. In *Pierre*, Melville wrote a satire on popular literature so obscure that no one who read "middlebrow" fiction, and who might have chanced on *Pierre* (an unlikely possibility), would have taken the point. Hawthorne and Melville belonged to an older, more patrician tradition of letters not at all aggressive in its relation to popular literature and inclined to accept the popular judgment of itself. Hawthorne admitted in the preface to "Rappaccini's Daughter" that his writing lacked "human warmth"—that having become a middlebrow monopoly.

The same diffidence, however, was not shown by those who reviewed Hawthorne. They did not so much misunderstand him as actively resent the qualities for which he is now admired. Anne Abbott writing for *The North American Review* qualified as "mist-born" the chapter of *The Scarlet Letter* asking if "hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom." Now to complicate matters, James accusing him of being "too subtle, novels were bloodless. He was a very different sort of writer, more capable of surrender to the passions of his characters, and more self-respecting in relation to his critics. Yet there is not much difference between contemporaneous judgments of Hawthorne and reviews of James accusing him of being "too subtle, too psychological, for the purposes of fiction."

What then is one to conclude? First, that what the apostles of "middlebrow" fiction objected to in our classical novelists was not this or that trait of style but any reversal of expectation or revelation of hidden motive. They objected to value itself as we understand value. Second, that the future of serious fiction lay in taking the measure of the assault against it. James did not grant even a grudging respect of writers who sold better than he did. He repaid them, and he repaid his critics, aggression for aggression, resistance for resistance, building a critique of the conventions of mass literature into the structure of his works, and continually pointing to the life that he believed he alone was capable of representing. The point for James was that a territory had been established, that life was what happened inside this territory, and that the business of representing life had been dignified.

Because of the fullness of James's response to the changes that took place in

Arthur Gold teaches literature at Wellesley College.

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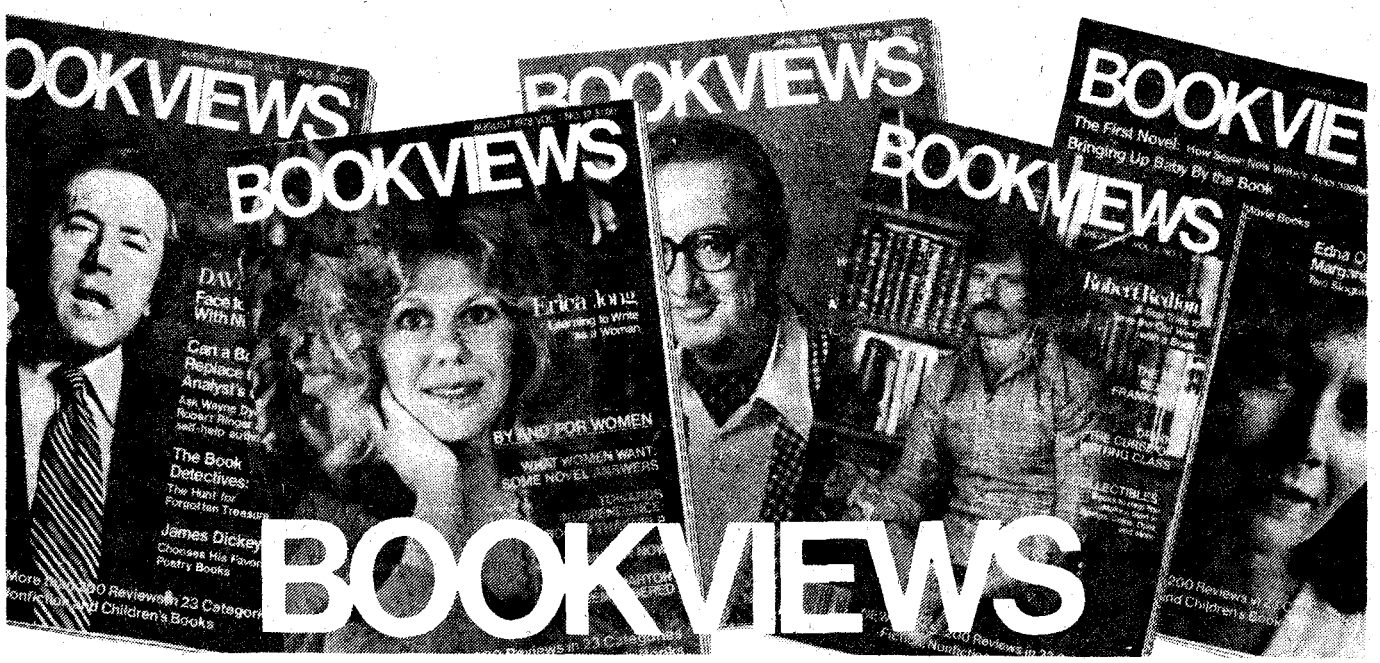

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the sociology of 19th-century literature, he emerges as the hero of Smith's book. Its most interesting chapters, however, concern the more humanly groping figures of Twain and Howells. I particularly admire the distinction Smith draws in which Howells allows his characters their own perspective (as when he confects the language in which Bartley Hubbard of *A Modern Instance* says of Marcia Gaylord that she was "the prettiest girl in the place, and she had more style than any other girl began to have"), and moments in which Howells comes down on his characters in turgid, oratorical prose.

I like the way this approach suggests a level in art below the monumental, where somebody's talent is giving way, or giving in. And in general, I liked this book. It is slighter than *Virgin Land*, but just as oddly suggestive. □

Machiavelli For the Little Man

BERT COCHRAN

THE TEAMSTERS. *By Steven Brill. Simon & Schuster. 414 pp. $11.95.*

Editors of American publishing houses are wary of manuscripts that deal with labor. They do not think there is much of a market for them. Labor manuscripts that get through the editorial mesh are often accounts written by newspapermen who concentrate on dramatics, anecdotes and biography. They have developed a special genre, borrowing freely from the techniques of detective stories, suspense novels, and exposé journalism. Steven Brill, a writer for *Esquire*, makes full use of such devices, building his narrative around biographical sketches of a motley crew of crooked labor bosses, hoodlums, underworld syndicate captains, one straight-shooting local union president and two plain working stiffs. He has infused the form, however, with so much solid, accurate reporting, good judgment of men and situations, and due regard for the ambiguities contained in a huge labor organization, that his book adds up to a first-rate survey of the present status of America's biggest union.

Brill takes up too much space, and is too preoccupied with testing different possibilities concerning James Hoffa's disappearance via a gangland murder. He has been active in investigating the alleged crime since it occurred in July 1975, and has his own well-researched theory which will probably make fascinating reading for assassination buffs. But to many of us—once the circumstantial evidence clearly suggested that Hoffa's murder was ordered by a crime syndicate *capo* (because the gangsters had consolidated their profitable and comfortable positions under the regime of Frank Fitzsimmons, his successor, and did not want these disturbed by the return of a vengeance-seeking Hoffa) the question of who specifically engineered the "hit" became of less interest.

Of greater importance is the manner in which the Teamsters have become a powerhouse of 2.3 million members, and why the underworld has been able to keep its hooks in parts of the Teamsters empire despite the revelations of the Senate McClellan committee of a decade ago, the expulsion of the Teamsters from the AFL-CIO, the jailing of its then president, Dave Beck, for embezzlement, the subsequent jailing of his successor, Hoffa, for jury tampering, and the recent investigations of the looting activities of Fitzsimmons and his associates. There has been some underworld penetration of Teamster local unions here and there since the early 1900s, but until the late 1930s the Teamsters union was only another small-scale AFL craft setup of poorly organized local cartage drivers and delivery salesmen. In 1933 its membership under Dan Tobin was still 75,000, no greater than it had been a decade earlier.

Then, under the impact of the Great Depression, something unusual happened. A group of dissident Communists, members of the Trotskyite organization employed in the industry in Minneapolis, launched a lightning organization drive in 1934 under official union auspices. In two audacious, well-planned, violence-ridden strikes the union enrolled the Twin City's drivers and warehousemen in a de facto industrial union, and won what was for that time sizable wage raises and improvements in working conditions. Farrell Dobbs, one of the main strike strategists (recruited at the time by the Trotskyites into their group), and his associates, suddenly saw the immense possibilities that their victory had opened to them. Because of their strategic position in regulating the flow of intercity freight, over-the-road drivers are in a position to coerce the organization of local drivers and freight handlers by refusing to service nonunion depots. By the same token, unionized terminals can refuse to service over-the-road trucks operated by nonunion drivers.

Intensive city and over-the-road organization led to the setting up of a multistate area conference, transference of collective bargaining from the local union to the larger body, and the growth of a more centralized, more powerful, more affluent bureaucracy. This scheme, pioneered in Minneapolis, was copied by Beck on the West Coast (aided by employers who in the 1930s preferred what they saw as a safe, respectable AFL union to the reputedly radical CIO), and later on the East Coast. By the end of 1939, Dobbs had built a strong organization through the Central States Drivers Council, and Teamster membership had shot up from 75,000 to 420,000, most of the growth occurring in the Midwest area. But in 1941 Dan Tobin purged the Trotskyites, and they were then jailed for their opposition to the war effort under the Smith Alien Registration Act. Hoffa, the emergent boss from Detroit, took over Dobbs's creation. Brill writes "It is one of the more compelling ironies in American labor history that Hoffa used the groundwork that Dobbs and the Trotskyites had laid to build a cynical, money-hungry, crime-allied, apolitical dictatorship."

Brill recognizes that the Teamsters, like other unions, historically called in mobsters because they needed the muscle in brutal strikes and because the employers had done so first. And it is no secret that mobsters do not meekly go away when their services are no longer required. But the Teamster hookup with the underworld is unlike the one that Sidney Hillman arranged for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the 1920s. Hillman kept the hoodlums at arm's length, and when he got frightened that they were moving to take over the union, he ran to the district attorney. Hoffa not only brought in more of them than there were before but employed them to solidify his own power position inside the union. He hobnobbed with hoodlums, set up joint business deals with a number of them and had the union pay their legal fees when they ran afoul of the law because of their larcenies. The Hoffa-underworld alliance was of the heart as well as of the head.

The question is: why do the members tolerate it, particularly after the facts have been widely publicized? There is

Bert Cochran is an associate of Columbia University's Research Institute on International Change. His most recent book is Labor and Communism *(Princeton University Press).*

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fear, of course, but that is the lesser part of the explanation. The greater part is that most Teamster members are disarmed by their ideological conviction that theft and crookedness are in the order of things. In Brill's case history of Al Barkett, a typical over-the-road union member, Barkett says of Hoffa, "Sure he stole, but everybody does. He did us good; that's what counts." Another member is reported to have said, "I don't care what Jimmy Hoffa does with my $4 a month (it's at least $18 for over-the-road drivers now)—he can shoot craps on the White House lawn if he wants to—so long as he keeps up the present conditions." C. Wright Mills once called this, "Machiavellianism for the little man"—a sentiment much stronger in the United States than in other industrialized countries.

There is more to the story, however, than that the Teamsters are part of a labor aristocracy, and therefore not too finicky about administration buccaneering. The contracts for drivers and warehousemen call for wages that place these workers among the highest paid in blue-collar categories; that is true. But there are two catches to this. Brill mentions the first but ignores its explosive potential, and he overlooks the second. One, in certain of the crime-dominated principalities where officials sign sweetheart agreements with impunity, the National Master Freight Agreement is more honored in the breach than in the fulfillment. This practice of bad faith is building up a groundswell of membership dissatisfaction. Secondly, drivers and warehousemen, the core of the union, are no longer a clear majority of the 2.3 million membership. The membership now includes bowling alley attendants, automobile salesmen, cannery workers, optical workers, potato chip packers, bridge toll collectors. As Hoffa stated at a convention, "If we tried to spell out everything we have in this International Union, we would have to devote almost a Sears Roebuck catalogue to it."

This higgledy-piggledy expansion, prompted by greed and propelled by the ambition to compete with the AFL-CIO, has two consequences. It has diffused, overextended, and on balance weakened the Teamsters organization. And in some of the non-Teamster occupations, the union contracts call for less than living wages.

Where there is collusion between employers and business agents in these collateral fields, the union is often converted to little more than a dues collection agency. In other words, the Teamsters membership is now dangerously divided into an aristocracy and a peasantry.

Brill ruminates in the last pages of his book over whether the ranks will ever be moved to action to change the leadership, or whether "the story of the Teamsters union will continue to be one of some good deeds, and some bad deeds, and with a sad bottom line that it could have been much better." We can join him in speculating about that. Judging by past experience, one might conclude that where a union bureaucracy is as strongly entrenched as this one is, and where, because of the vulnerability of the trucking industry, it can continue to chalk up sizable concessions for the decisive section of the membership, the opposition is bound to be weak.

The forces for the dislodgment of such a bureaucracy can be built up only by great impersonal events from the outside, like convulsions in the trucking industry, or in the economy, or both. In the case of a bureaucracy that has felt no pronounced internal tremors, that has been able to continue its sordid alliances and malfeasances in the face of two of its presidents being marched off to jail, it may be that only pressures of such magnitude will elicit a major response. □

A Document Of Human Grace

GEOFFREY BIDDLE

RUSSELL LEE, PHOTOGRAPHER. *Text by F. Jack Hurley. Introduction by Robert Coles. Morgan & Morgan. 207 pp. 181 photographs. $25.*

Russell Lee was born in 1903. As a young man he was a painter, and then from 1935 a photographer. From 1936 to 1942, he worked for Roy Stryker, at the Resettlement Administration and later at the Farm Security Administration. With Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, Ben Shahn and others, Lee photographed migratory and struggling Americans, producing photographs which we now accept as the definition of that era. He also documented life in Pie Town, N.M., and in the black ghetto of Chicago, and after a wartime stint as an aerial photographer, he documented the harsh lives of American coal miners, this time

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for the Department of the Interior. These are his important years and they are well represented in the book, the first Lee retrospective, which also includes later work, industrial photography and projects from Texas and Italy.

Lee's best work is unique. He was able to capture wonderfully delicate moments, gesture or glance, tiny intimacies which would normally be overlooked and out of which he made deeply moving photographs. He was sympathetic to the situations of his subjects and worked to document what he saw. He rarely employed visual artifice. His pictures are direct, honest and artless—as good a document as exists of the social ills of the depression years. Their strength does not derive from startling or comforting framing, nor from the creation of heroes and villains. These photographs fascinate because they recognize for us the moments of human grace we customarily overlook.

Lee has never expressed any motivation for photographing besides showing what is there. There are occasional photographs in the FSA section of the book which seem to be there because of what they show: a portrait of a heroic farmer or farm woman. These photographs are not special to Lee's work; they are included because of our notion of what was happening then.

We have been taught by other FSA photographers that such people were heroes. It is odd that Lee weakens his own document by including images established by his contemporaries, photographers who had no better sense of what was happening than he but whose work is better known. Yet the FSA section of the book is still full of excellent photographs, distinctive and powerful in or out of the context of that documentary effort.

It is more disconcerting that nearly a third of the book is devoted to the period after 1950, when Lee was doing good but relatively unexceptional work. There are outstanding photographs here, but they are few. That his later projects are given so much space implies that we should be as interested as the photographer is in everything he documented. But since the photographs are unequal, so is our interest. The coal miner report is immediate and gripping; the Italian and Texan projects are pleasant. What makes this frustrating is that the FSA files at the library of Congress are full of exceptional early photographs not included here. Instead of simply choosing the best of his work, Lee has made a sort of autobiography, presenting and equating the splendid with the simply good. He is a better photographer than this book shows us.

The best photographs are powerful outside of their reportorial context. Since people want to look at them, and since they do show a specific place and time, they are also the most effective documents.

It may be important for a photographer to be well-informed, to photograph everything that is there, large and small. It is more important to be able in the end to distinguish between those photographs whose message depends on the importance of their subject and those which speak the truth by themselves. □

Geoffrey Biddle is a free-lance photographer who lives in New York.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

When Pierre Boulez's newest work failed to materialize in time for its projected October performances by the New York Philharmonic, the gap in the programs might well have been filled—as in such situations it often is—with a handy classic, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony or the like. The first Good News about this, Zubin Mehta's first season as the orchestra's Music Director, is that the replacement was a novelty of comparable interest, rather than a further dilution of a season already fairly low in intellectual substance and appeal. The chosen work was Peter Maxwell Davies's Symphony (1976), and I'm happy to add that its considerable challenges were met well and seriously by Mehta and the orchestra.

The extent of the challenge may be gauged, first off, by the Symphony's length: in four movements, it clocks in at just over fifty minutes. Though there is nothing particularly traditional about the shapes of these movements or about the procedures by which the music extends itself over these considerable time spans, the traditional title seems justified. This music makes assertions, multiple and contrasted yet coherent, of the same order as those made by works of the same title and comparable dimensions from Beethoven through Mahler and Sibelius. (Twentieth-century symphonies have not always done so—e.g., those of Stravinsky and Webern, in their different ways—though of course traditional concerns have often motivated modern works in altogether other forms.) Even without the composer's suggestions, in his program note and at a pre-concert lecture, one could perceive that this Symphony is "about" something more than sheerly musical matters—about man and his world, almost certainly about nature.

Traditional concerns, then, the appositeness of which is best left to the individual listener for consideration—but expressed in novel and personal sounds. The choirs of the essentially traditional orchestra are for the most part treated as distinct entities. Virtually on a par with winds, brass and strings is the percussion, comprising only instruments of specific pitch (bells of various sorts, marimba and flexatone, as well as timpani), frequently used melodically, and imparting a silvery halo to the more sustained discourse of the other sections. Otherwise characteristic of Davies's textures is a kind of "layered" melody: overlapping and crossing lines in similar timbres that often appear to be more like two differently pitched aspects of the same line than independent counterpointing lines.

In describing his procedures, Davies prefers the term "transformational" to the more traditional "developmental." Melodic contours repeat, but with constantly changing detail, eventually becoming something quite different. The continuing process, not the relationship of each stage to some ostensibly "original" form of the material, is the point. These processes are not continuous through the movements, which are composed of clearly articulated segments, each building some kind of textural or dynamic climax and then subsiding or collapsing onto a new point of departure.

It will take many hearings to sort out the detail. The Symphony's big lines are clear enough, its climaxes vivid and rhythmically powerful—indeed, the flexibility and variety of Davies's rhythmic vocabulary is one of the score's most immediately striking and engaging aspects. A greater finesse of performance than Mehta and the Philharmonic achieved will doubtless clarify the smaller points, but much of the continuity was impressively achieved, with perceptible progress over the run of four performances, especially at rendering expressive the almost Mahlerian lines of the slow movement.

The performance will be broadcast in the Philharmonic's radio series during the week beginning December 6; a recording has already been made in England, and will doubtless turn up here in due course. Davies's Symphony is a major statement, in terms both of its internal content and of its implications about the viability of a continuing tradition of writing for the orchestra. □

Coming: A symposium on Charles Silberman's *Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice* (Random House).

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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Marsha Norman's *Getting Out* (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St.) is a virtuous play. Its virtue consists in its subject matter: the rehabilitation of a girl who has been locked up for eight years in a Southern prison for second-degree murder of a cabdriver while she was escaping from a three-year sentence for forgery and prostitution. The characters' speech, I take it, must be authentic since Ms. Norman, whose first play this is, has had experience as a teacher in children's treatment at a state hospital in Kentucky for emotionally disturbed teenagers.

The play's general effectiveness is attested to by its success at the Actors Theatre of Louisville (the author's native city) and at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles. It was voted the Best New Play (Regional) of the 1977-78 season by the American Critics Association. There is, too, a certain skill in the combined presentation of the delinquent girl's character in her early criminal years at the same time that she is trying to live an honest life after her parole. Almost simultaneously we see the "bad girl" in captivity and the chastened woman in her freedom. We are induced to hope that the wicked Arlie will actually "make it" as a reformed person who insists on being called Arlene. Two actresses play this double-lead part.

Because of these various credits I am loath to say anything adverse about the play. The material, I repeat, is certainly real and the entire effort in writing and performance is palpably sincere. Yet I must confess to having been unstirred. The play is not altogether convincing as a document and, except as a "shocker," unsatisfactory as drama. To this statement, I must add that I am always ready to accept documentation of a staged case history, for the theatre may usefully and excitingly serve as a forum, especially since art is rare enough in most of the plays we are given to see.

The crucial factor of the play should be the transformation of Arlie into Arlene. We are offered a vividly graphic account of the foul-mouthed, violent and sadistic Arlie, with saving touches of maternal feeling for her illegitimate son and a sense of the wretched environment in which she was reared. We also observe the struggle of the nearly redeemed Arlene to embark on a clean life, with due recognition of how much hardship the transition will entail. The two "faces" are roughly drawn, but the change from one to the other is merely mentioned, not dramatized.

It appears that the visits of a humane prison chaplain who leaves a Bible and an effigy of Christ with Arlie have somehow wrought a miracle. We never see the chaplain; only the juxtaposed contrast of the two personae (Arlie and Arlene) is projected. As a substitute for what should be the play's vital center we are treated to a tempestuous outburst in which Arlie-Arlene recalls a moment, inspired by the chaplain's words, when in an attempt to cut the evil out of herself she stabbed herself in the chest with a fork. We must take the beneficent consequence for granted.

The direction of such a play encounters special hazards. To encompass all the material—a good deal of it repetitive—Jon Jory has chosen to drive the scenes at a furious tempo with considerable vocal force and physical energy. The result may be literally "sensational" but not emotionally persuasive. We begin to resist the pounding and are repelled by the sweat. The actors have ability, but they are obliged to strain and scream to excess.

This is especially true of Pamela Reed, who possesses innate charm and attractiveness, but who, as Arlie, is rarely given a chance to modulate her raucousness. Susan Kingsley "thinks" well as Arlene and strikes us as sympathetically right, till her "big moment" when, in a gust of fierce hysteria, she

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voices the agonized crisis that led to her conversion. We may then ask whether a less strenuous and tumultuous seizure might not in fact be more moving.

In *White Pelicans* by Jay Broad (Theatre de Lys) two men are discovered at a port of call awaiting a steamer that will take them back to the mainland from an Arctic wasteland where, years earlier, they had gone separately to seek gold. Both men—Harry, a suave gentleman; Winston, bullheaded and rough—have failed to find the wealth for which they had endured terrible suffering in the icy heights of the region. But some unseen person has left a huge, steel-banded crate on the pier. Harry supposes that a mystery man whom they had both encountered by chance in a local bar was the one who had succeeded in mining an immense haul of the precious metal, which may well be locked in the apparently abandoned case.

That man, says Winston, never played it fair: his gains had been got by sheer luck, while they (Harry and Winston) who had undergone unspeakable trials were left worn-out and empty-handed. Winston's attempt to see if the crate does actually contain a fortune proves unavailing.

Harry, resigned to his fate in the heartbreaking gamble of his life, dies as he sits at the table playing cards with Winston. Winston, the superstitious common man, boards the ship vowing that he will return one day to the vast, bleak wilderness where the ore must surely be found.

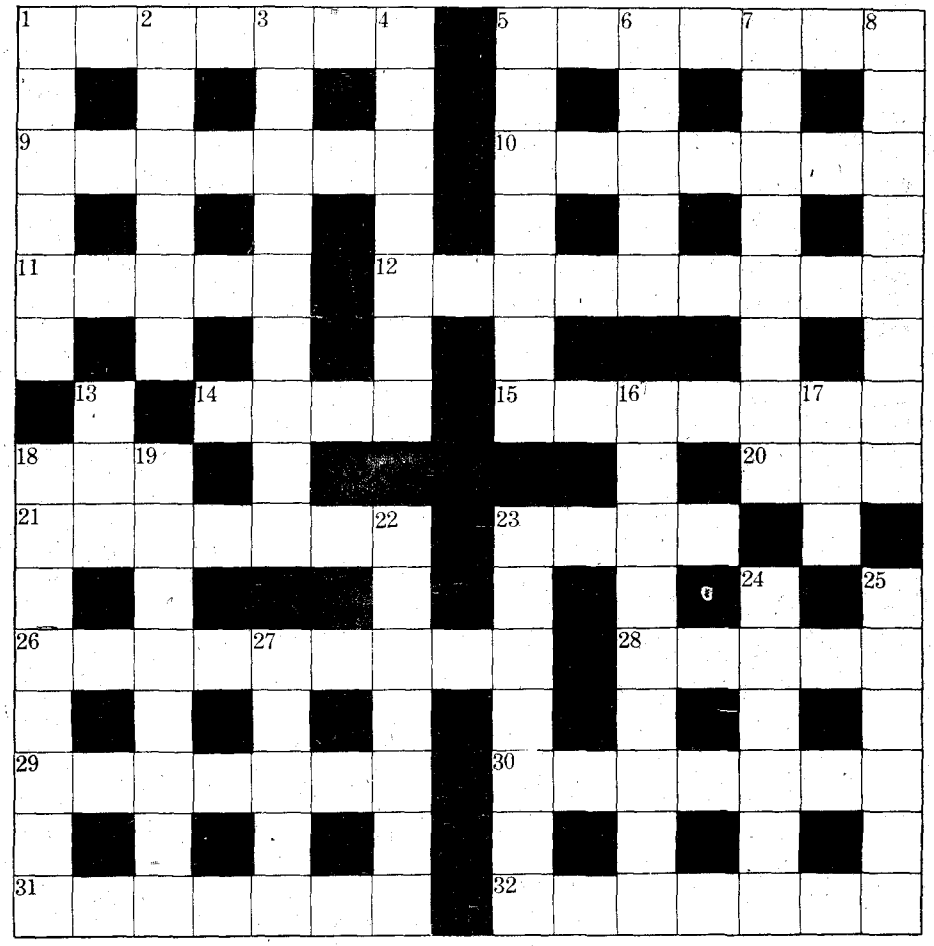
On opening night I heard remarks—also suggested in some of the reviews—to the effect that the play was a Beckett-like parable, though hardly anyone could guess what it bespoke. I conjectured that the play was symbolic of our country's pursuit of wealth, and the torment, breakdown and despair in that enterprise—the crackup, if you will, of the capitalist drive. Very few arrive at the goal, the majority perish with nothing to show for it but frustration and futility.

It was hard for me to make out, but the background of the setting designed by David Chapman was a snow-white "frieze" resembling a train of animals and their riders crossing a wide expanse of territory shaped like the map of the United States!

Speculation as to the play's meaning has its fascination for some, but for most others the plain fact is that *White Pelicans* provides little pleasure or profit. There is, however, a magical trick connected with Harry's demise, and excellence in performances by Jose Ferrer and the remarkable Morgan Freeman, an actor who might do well as both Caliban and King Lear. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1749

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Part of lots Americans have is floated as being possibly valuable. (7)
5 A pit is confused with most of the core of the fruit. (7)
9 It's easy to see through the kind of job he does! (7)
10 *Spanish mackerel shows 13 with a dot misplaced on it.* (7)
11 Era standing for this first, in all capitals. (3)
12 With eight enslaved, captures it, and increases in intensity. (9)
14 The sort of soil 3 down might need. (4)
15 One way to polish the image, perhaps, should be important to get across for beginners. (7)
18 and 23 across Seeing how to strive with an Air Force unit? (7)
20 The purpose of 28, perhaps. (3)
21 Short here, perhaps, when the infidel is converted. (7)
23 See 18 across
26 The bull I enticed here should show it with enthusiasm. (9)
28 In France, a serious way to 20. (5)
29 $C^6H^5NH^2$—nothing in between the first two vowels. (7)
30 "Dear Sir: In Oakland some might be confused by it." (7)
31 Scraped bottom, perhaps. (7)
32 Help get it back with a little weight on it—you might need it to do the puzzle! (7)

DOWN

1 One might well turn to Bach or Handel for example. (6)
2 What 9 puts in is usually not this, to pop a question, in part. (6)
3 Evidently there should be hope, as well (according to the saying) for flowers fruit, etc. to be handled here. (5,4)
4 and 18 down Not a place for Mount Vernon grapes—though you might resort to it. (7,8)
5 Might one use it to lay things on? (7)
6 Stock in the business here? (5)
7 Fuel takes a hundred in one direction to grow together this way. (8)
8 A great many hand-outs might be made this way. (8)
13 The point of victory for the wrestler? (3)
16 "Shin," and "chin" on a dish of it, perhaps. (4,5)
17 Neo-composition of a unit. (3)
18 See 4 down.
19 No reserve, if so 26? (8)
22 Extreme types might go off it, and hang on the sound of it. (4,3)
23 We trade a sort of it, but milk shouldn't be so. (7)
24 Charge ahead in a profession, perhaps.
25 The sort of plane uncle possibly has thrown overboard. (6)
27 No doubt prone to be straying from the truth. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1748

ACROSS: 1 Scheduled flight; 9 Encased; 10 Malaise; 12 Disciple; 14 First novel; 15 Odic; 17 Herd; 19 Scales down; 22 Devovled; 23 Crambo; 25 Vantage; 26 Sternum; 27 Leading question. DOWN: 1 Speak of the devil; 2 Heckler; 3 Desserts; 4 and 11 Ladykiller; 5 Demoiselle; 6 Lilacs; 7 Gripped; 8 The Descent of Man; 13 Poached egg; 16 Usurpers; 18 Ravenna; 20 Osmanli; 21 Alkali; 24 Esau.

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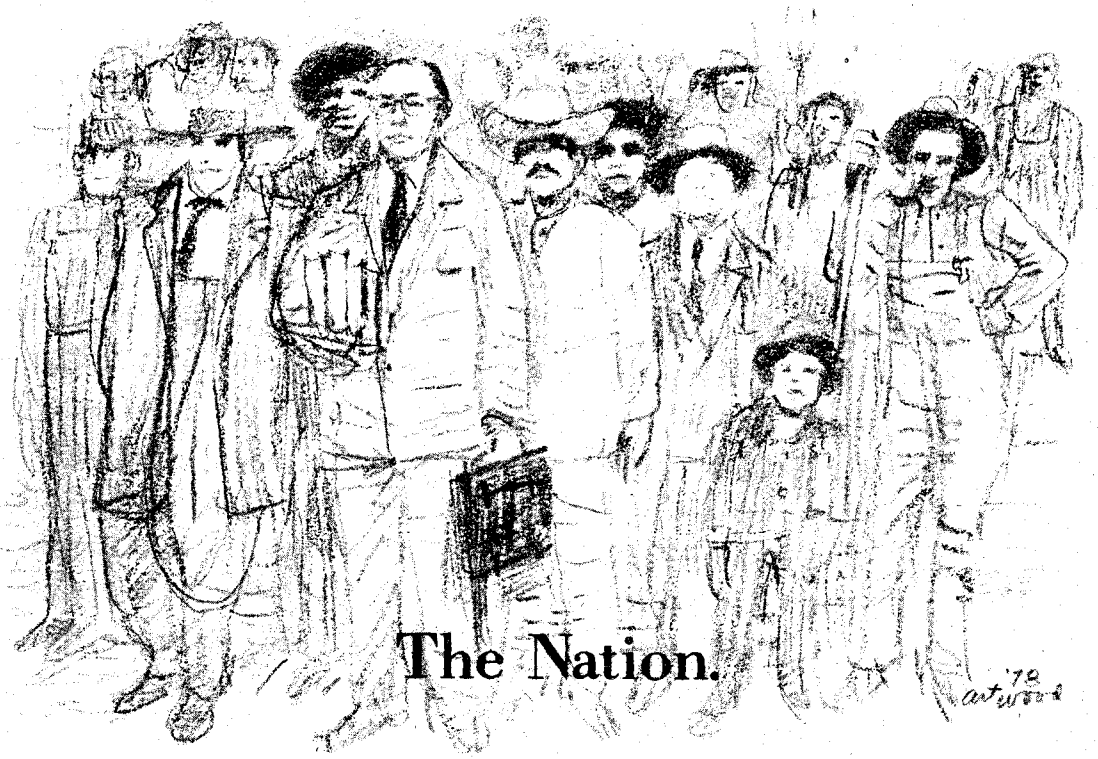

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